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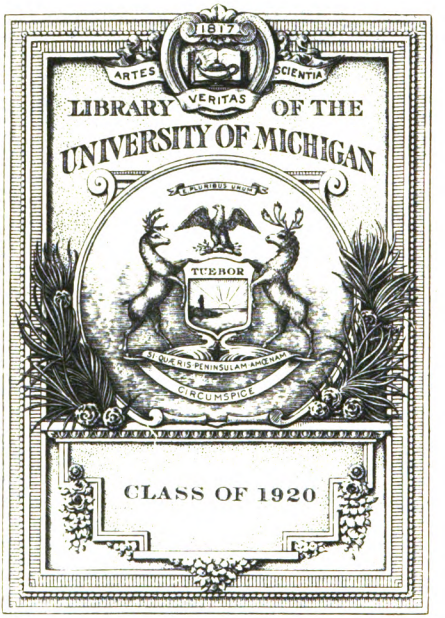

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UNTOLD TALES OF WAR-TIME LONDON

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UNTOLD TALES OF WAR-TIME LONDON

A PERSONAL DIARY

By

HALLIE EUSTACE MILES

(MRS. EUSTACE MILES)

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S ORCHESTRA," LIFE'S COLOURS," "THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE CROSS," "HEALTH WITHOUT MEAT," ETC., ETC.

LONDON

CECIL PALMER

49, CHANDOS STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C. 2

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FOREWORD

THESE intimate records of "London in War-Time" were begun actually at the time when England entered into the Great War: namely, from August 4th, 1914, and ending on New Year's Day, 1919; they are all absolutely true. They were written originally to send to friends and relations on the other side of the world in order to keep them in touch with the inner side of our War-time experiences in London. They were not written for publication; this will, I hope, account for the many shortcomings that will be found in my "Untold Tales." My husband's and my special work gave us opportunities of being in places where very few were able to be, and of seeing and hearing things which very few were able to see and hear, and of taking part in unusual activities.

We had great opportunities of helping in the Food and Health Problem. My husband's knowledge of Food-values and of Meat-substitutes and Health in general were of the greatest value to the Food-Control and other great War Centres

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that had to deal with the vital question of what to provide instead of other foods that ran short, especially on the Meatless Days.

My own particular War-work was the Choir, which I inaugurated immediately the War broke out, for giving Concerts in the Hospitals, and "Patriotic Teas," and Concerts to the wounded and others, in the Salons of the E.M. Restaurant. To these we invited, as our guests, wounded soldiers from the London and other Hospitals. These fortnightly gatherings at 40 Chandos Street went on right through the War, and were the means of cheering thousands of maimed and wounded soldiers from all parts of the world. On these days Chandos Street was a wonderful sight! It was filled with omnibuses, ambulances, and private cars, all lent willingly for conveying the wounded from the hospitals to the E.M. Restaurant.

We also had concerts in the Hospital Wards and in other War Centres, and were splendidly helped by Professionals, who gave their services. The "Loyal Choir" sang at Recruiting Meetings, and even on platforms in the Park. We visited places to which few were admitted except for the work of cheering the suffering and lonely.

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The experiences we had in connection with our work were often full of tragedy. But, wherever we went, we saw unforgettable courage, patience, and heroism.

It was for these little unexpected glimpses of a new side of life, and the "untold tales" of tragedies and horrors that we came across, that I kept these personal War Records; otherwise they might never have been known, and would certainly have been forgotten.

I hope that these narratives of personal experiences may help to remind people of what a *wonderful* place London was in War-time; the young people too, who were only little children at the time of the Great War, may like to read these stories of actual war-happenings which we older Londoners personally shared in from 1914 to 1918. And, if the reading of these records of the agony of London during those terrible War days adds to the determination that the Great War shall be the Last War, then these records will not have been written in vain.

H. E. M.

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UNTOLD TALES
1914-1919

Rumours

W.-on-Sea, August 1st, 1914.

We are having a quiet week-end at W.-on-Sea. The weather is glorious. There seems nothing wrong (outwardly) with the world in general, yet the air is full of whispers of coming trouble: and the rumours of War are becoming more and more alarming and more and more persistent; it is even said that War has already been declared. I am going to keep a daily record (as far as possible) of all that happens in this "time of trouble." If there is a War, we know that it will reach each one of us; we know that in some way or other we shall each one of us have to take our share.

August 4th. War Declared

Since writing those words, we already seem to be in a new world. The awful Declaration of War has been made, and everything is plunged into chaos. At first one feels paralysed; as if time itself was standing still. We are at once leaving these quiet scenes, for we feel we want to be in the midst of things in London.

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London in War-time

We are back in London. In the short time that we have been away everything seems to have changed! It is like an altogether new London.

The whole condition of things is so strange to us all; for to have *London* in a state of War is not within the memory of the present generation. And yet—awful as it is—it is very thrilling! Such new developments are taking place: for instance, it is wonderful how the fact of being at war with another country has brought peace to the politicians which were all at war amongst themselves; and Ireland, which was on the brink of Civil War! The glorious spirit of loyalty and "all for England" prevails at every turn. We had been feeling as if that spirit were dead and buried! There is something so great and stately in the calmness of the Country too. No panic at all.

Of course at first we are all feeling terribly shaken, and hardly anyone sleeps. The streets seem full of people all night long, and the steady tramp of the Territorials as they march to Headquarters seems never to cease. There are such small and subtle changes too. I notice that people in the streets are now whistling the "Marseillaise," and "God Save the King," and "Rule Britannia"; the very children are marching instead of walking, and are carrying bits of stick as bayonets and using old pieces of tin pails as drums.

We are having to part with some of our most valued men employees, who have been with us

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for years. It seems to bring the tragedy of War into our very midst. It is like parting with members of our own family.

The Horses "Join-up"

We were going to lovely Looe, in Cornwall, and were actually within two days of starting, but the G.W.R. will not guarantee our being able to get back, even if we were able to get there. The Railways have all been taken over by the Government. I saw a sad procession yesterday of the dear horses being marched through the streets—even they have to take their share! I believe that the big Stores have had nearly all their van horses commandeered.

Little War-time Holidays

So, as we cannot have our usual holiday, we are trying to snatch little bits of holiday as we can! Two days ago we went by L.C.C. steamer from Westminster Pier to Kew. It was really delightful. We passed backs of warehouses and mysterious buildings and gardens, and had no idea what they all were. The barges were so fascinating. It opened our eyes to the immense trade that is being done on the river, and how much is carried by boat as well as by train. It was so beautiful when we reached Mortlake. I had forgotten how wonderful Kew was, and what dear old-world houses and gardens there were. Unfortunately now-a-days they are nearly all tea-houses. We had tea in one of the old-

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world gardens. It was sad to look in at the windows and actually see clothes hanging up to dry in the old panelled rooms! We had a beautiful walk in Kew Gardens, and then home by river again. How we enjoyed it—and the quietness rested us. In fact it has so fired us with the beauties and restfulness of the river that we are going to Richmond for the inside of a week, and have taken rooms at the Richmond Hill Hotel, overlooking the lovely view, so as to get away from the tragic atmosphere of London for a few days.

The Cinemas in War-time

Another way that we are taking our holiday is by going to the Cinemas. We find it a real help and recreation, and the pictures thrown upon the screen are so loyal, and thrilling, and realistic. In this way we see everything that is going on. It is splendid that Lord Kitchener is at the head of the War Office, and that Lord Roberts and General French are alive to help us in this great crisis. When their portraits are thrown on the screen, the audience nearly burst with enthusiasm and excitement.

The Duchess of Portland came to Eustace today to ask his advice on how to provide the most nourishing food possible for the Nottingham lacemakers on their estate. The lace-makers have had all their lace thrown back on their hands as the huge orders from abroad have been cancelled in consequence of the War. Of course she is providing the foods free to them. She is so splendid.

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A Little Visit to the Coast

September 26th.

We are spending another quiet week-end at W.-on-Sea. I am sitting on the front at West Bay in the most glorious sunshine, cloudless sky, and the sea like a lake. One can hardly believe that we are actually facing the wicked North Sea, which is so full of mines. The only thing to remind one of it is the little fleet of black, mysterious "Mine-catchers" that anchor close in shore, and go forth every night to try to net in the cruel mines. The only other warlike sign is a Territorial with a fixed bayonet on the further Parade, to prevent people walking on the cliff, or sketching, or using telescopes. The cliff is all cut off with barbed wire.

It is such a relief to be out of the vivid reality of War for a few days. The constant shouting of the paper-boys, the huge posters that one hardly dares to look at, and the stricken faces one meets in the streets, seem tearing at one's heart-strings all day long. Then, wherever one goes, there are already the poor refugees! They come into the Restaurant, and our French waitress has to talk to them. The other day I was in a 'bus with some of these refugees, and suddenly a motor tyre burst; it sounded just like a shot or shell. I shall never forget their start and faces of agony! I could realise, as in a vision, all the terrors it reminded them of; and *how* they trembled!

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The First Wounded Arrive

I have just seen some of the first wounded soldiers brought in ambulances to Charing Cross Hospital. It was deeply touching. One of them feebly waved his hand to the crowd. They were *very* serious cases. And now a big white flag with the Red Cross on it is flying from the hospital, and right across the street is a long white banner fixed, with the legend—so full of tenderness and thoughtfulness: "QUIET—FOR THE WOUNDED." A policeman stands at the top of the street and lets no traffic go down it. The Strand traffic slows down as it comes to this sacred spot and everything passes in a sort of *hushed* manner. It seems as if all day long some invisible Presence is saying "*Hush!*"

Weeping Women

Close to our flat is a recruiting centre for Territorials; and what sights we see from our windows! We see the women bringing their men to the Recruiting Offices and waiting outside whilst they are being enlisted. Then the men who had entered the building in civilian clothes—working clothes, all sorts of clothes—leave it in spic and span uniform, and the women are handed their men's everyday garments. I have seen them hug these clothes to them as if they were living people, and weep over them, as they turn away, leaving their men behind.

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Dimmed Lights

One hardly knows London at night now. Scarcely any street lights are allowed, and what lights there are have been painted with some dark stuff half-way down the glass to shade them, so that if there is a Zeppelin raid over London the raiders will not be able to distinguish the lights. London looks as if it was only lit by night-lights. It is, in a way, peaceful and dreamy looking, but very weird, and it is difficult for people to find their way about. Everyone says that the Zeppelins *will* invade England. One of the German War Cartoons is of an army of Zeppelins over Trafalgar Square, throwing bombs down. It couldn't be much closer to us! There is a huge erection on the top of Hyde Park Corner for a great searchlight which sweeps the sky every night, and one of our airships circles over London every day, keeping watchful guard over us.

Our Heroes

In what a wonderful way our soldiers are behaving; it is one long tale of heroism. We are so proud too of our Dominions, and of India's loyalty. Awful as the War is, it seems to have drawn out much of the best in every Country.

The Belgian Visitors

We had such a splendid patriotic evening at the E.M. Restaurant on Eustace's birthday last week. The Staff begged to be allowed to

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get it up entirely themselves. We held it on the Gallery Floor, which was gaily decorated with flags and bunting. One of the greatest successes of the evening was the singing, by Major Killick, of "Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?" It can be imagined *how* everyone joined in the chorus. During the evening a very thrilling thing happened. Several Belgian officers suddenly walked in, and two charming Belgian ladies; one was in Red Cross (Belgian) nurse's dress. They were all of high family. The officers were on their way back to the front. All their homes had been destroyed. They lived near Louvain. We asked one of the officers to sing the "Marseillaise." He mounted the platform and sang it most splendidly, with the deepest feeling and passion. What a chorus there was! It was awfully difficult to keep the tears back, though. Tears seem terribly near the surface nowadays.

The Vacant Places

We are paying half wages to the married men who have gone to join the army. We are replacing our men as far as possible by other men on the Staff, so as not to increase the wages, since the paying of half wages to the wives comes heavy.

Then nearly every day we see more vacant seats at our tables, and we know that more of our old customers have gone to the Front. Sometimes they come and say good-bye to me; that always seems so solemn; a sort of "rite." I hardly know which I am feeling most—glad that they are going to fight for their Country,

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or sorrow at the thought that they may never return !

London is full of French people ; it seems almost as if one was in France.

Eustace and I are helping in lots of ways, chiefly in advising and demonstrating about foods, and on Advisory Committees.

For One's Country's Sake

October 29th, 1914.

We are hearing all sorts of rumours about the Kaiser and his sons. I believe it is true that Prince Adelbert is killed, and the rumours are very strong that the Crown Prince has been killed too ! He certainly is never mentioned now. I suppose it would naturally be hushed up. It is so sad how many important people are dying (at home) from the shock and strain of this awful war. I do not wonder at it, for sometimes everything is so ghastly and the dread of what may be coming so horrible, that it seems much easier to die than to live !

And yet I pray to live through it all for Eustace's sake. Sometimes I feel *so* brave, as if I could stand *anything* for my Country's sake ! I am not surprised that our young men feel it is worth *everything* to fight and die for their Country. Now the Germans are actually fighting for Calais, it all appears so dreadfully near and real. Eustace was at Margate a few days ago and heard the Naval Guns ! We hardly ever are told what is going on in the North Sea.

Some more of our men employees have left

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us for the Front. It is so upsetting, in every sense of the word. But we seem more like one big family at the Restaurant than ever now. We have insured it against "War Risk." Of course we are all wondering if any Zeppelins will come over, as they threaten they will.

"YOUR KING AND COUNTRY WANT YOU"

October 31*st.* The last day of Autumn.

It has been such a wonderful Autumn, so full of sunshine. It has helped us very much when the whole mental atmosphere is shadowed by the great War cloud. I can hardly remember what it was to think ever of anything but the War. Or ever to read anything but the papers. We have a pile of new and unread novels; we look at them and say, "We will read them when the War is over."

There is such a splendid new recruiting song called "Your King and Country want you." I am trying to start it being sung at different Restaurants by way of getting more "loafers" to enlist. We are having it sung on Wednesday next, at lunch time, by a beautiful singer.

The Tragedy of Antwerp

An interesting thing happened to-day. A large number of Belgian refugees, straight from the horrors of the raid on Antwerp, came in. A kind lady who could speak Flemish brought

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them to Chandos Street. We gave them a substantial meal, and I helped wait on them and heard their terrible story. They had stayed in Antwerp until their own houses were in flames, and then fled. One family had ten children: they were all on the Balcony Floor of the E.M. Restaurant too! When they fled from Antwerp they had to walk miles and miles, for each railway station was either closed, or the last train had left. At length they reached the coast and caught the last boat. This lady found them bewildered and weeping on Charing Cross platform, and said "I must take you to Mrs. Eustace Miles," and so she did. They were all cheered and comforted by their visit and the hot soup and coffee, etc. I am glad to say that homes have now been found for them all. One family were important people in Belgium, with a large house. The father could talk English a little. They said they still were nearly deafened with the noise of the awful siege guns. Their faces were so sad, just the look that you see on people's faces as they stand round the open grave of a dear one at a funeral. And the little children's eyes were full of horror too. These are glimpses that we have in London of the reality of War.

The Aliens

It is very plucky of Admiral Lord Fisher to take up the tremendous post that he has had given him when he is past 70. There is a very divided opinion about him, but I should think no one could take Prince Louis of Battenberg's

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place *except* him. Prince Louis's retiring is quite a tragedy; for, if all the suspicions are untrue, it is so dreadful for him, as he has done such excellent service, and if he finds the claims of birth and country are too arduous it is still a tragedy.

There have been some real tragedies in connection with the "aliens": so many have English wives, and vice-versa; and yet they *have* to be parted; and some of the naturalised Germans really love England. But the risk is too great. When one thinks of the ideals of Germany, and of all the wonderful music and writings, and the great people who have come from Germany, the Bunsens, the Waddingtons, and Mendelssohn and all the other great composers and writers, one could weep for the sadness of those splendid Memories. Only one must remember that it is the *Prussian Spirit of Militarism* that is being fought. Germany has itself been crushed and trodden down by this Spirit too. One hardly ever hears a strain of German music nowadays. I wanted to play some stray bits of Schumann and Schubert the other day, but I felt I simply couldn't.

Then there is always the spy peril round us. I *know* I travelled in a 'bus with two German spies to-day, and it was such an awful feeling, as if a dark shadow was present.

The National Food Fund

Eustace and I are now on the General Committee of the National Food Fund. This is

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a mighty store-house for surplus foods for the coming shortage (perhaps). All the foods are free gifts. The building is the old Grosvenor Club, at the corner of Dover Street. There are seventy rooms in it. It is lent free of rent and taxes, and is also furnished free. Some of the workers are voluntary; the typing machines are free; the gas stoves are free; the motor vans for conveying the foods to different Centres are free. It is splendid; for through it we are already feeding nearly three thousand Belgian refugees a day. Eustace and I are giving a series of Lectures and Demonstrations on Economical Cookery, and the using up of "odds and ends" for the National Food Fund. Lady Brassey is Treasurer, and Lady Emmott is on the Committee. It is an outcome of the Women's Emergency Corps, which is also doing such splendid work. I belong to that too.

Comforts for our Soldiers and Sailors

We are sending quite a lot of comforts for our soldiers and sailors, from our Restaurant. Our whole Staff are knitting every moment of their free time. It looks so nice to see the waitresses sitting knitting at the tables when they are not working. Different customers provide them with wool, although they have spent a lot of money themselves in buying wool.

Eustace and I are sending books and magazines away to the wounded soldiers and sailors. I have a "Notice Board" in the Restaurant absolutely *covered* with acknowledgments of Gifts

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of various sorts from the Staff and others. Of course we give food too.

Darkened London

All our lights have to be dimmed; in fact, London is getting darker and darker; it is ever so weird at night, and so dangerous too. We are refusing all evening engagements, but we love slipping out to a Cinema of an evening. There is one only five minutes from our flat. We see the latest War pictures, and hear the patriotic songs sung.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary" has become one of the most loved patriotic marching songs, although it has nothing whatever to do with patriotism!

The New World

We were saying last night as we walked through the dim streets (I *clinging* to Eustace for safety) and every now and then casting our eyes up to the skies to look for Zeppelins, that we could hardly believe or realise it was the same world as we used to live in; and that we are the same people. And then, on the other hand, it is so strange that we are hardly able to remember or realise the old life of peace and safety, when War seemed a thing only to read of, as one reads history, and not a thing it was possible actually to *live* in. But the one-ness of Everything and Everybody is beautiful. We all seem tuned to the same key, and marching to the same rhythm.

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There is hardly ever a drunken person to be seen nowadays. Burglaries are rare. So is hooliganism. Everyone is living a better and cleaner life. There are no little things any longer, for there is too great a purpose in our lives now. As to nerves, they seem a thing of the past! So it is doing us all good, and teaching us many lessons.

"Next to Religion"

I am so glad, too, that people go to amusements and still play games. I saw such a striking little bit in a letter from the Front the other day. It said, "*Next to Religion*, there is nothing the Tommies love to talk of more than football." Of course it is the first three words that are so full of meaning, "*Next to Religion*"; and then football as a subject is so clean and healthy for them to discuss.

Waiting

There seems such an awful stillness and expectancy in the air just now, a sort of feeling of "waiting," such as we had as children when we were told that the end of the world was going to be on a certain Easter Sunday, and we tried to sit up all night to be "ready"; and then, to our surprise, we all woke up safe in bed, the next morning!

I am standing all this strain wonderfully, and Eustace is such a "stay" to me. He is so brave and hopeful, and cheery too: we seem more than ever absolutely dependent one upon the other.

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The Shadows

December 5th, 1914.

The shadows have deepened lately. We are losing friend after friend. Our front-door porter, who was one of the first of our men to go to the Front, is back in England with a fractured ankle. He was blown off his horse by a shell, and then was dragged by the stirrup a long way. At last someone shot the horse and released him and took him into a Café in Ypres until he could be fetched by the ambulance. The tragedy was that they *forgot* to fetch him ! He was left there, not knowing a word of the language ; but at last somebody in a motor car stopped and took him to the "lines" ; he was then taken to Paris, to a wonderful building with marble staircases, and windows overlooking beautiful grounds, which had been turned into a hospital. And now he is home again until his ankle is well ; and then he will have to go out and face it all over again. There was great excitement in the Restaurant when he came limping in to see us. You never saw such a hero in your life !

Wonderful Ypres

He showed me the most interesting postcards of the wonderful buildings in Ypres. He was billeted in the old Cloth Hall, with its galleries of hand-painted walls. He had been in the beautiful Cathedral too ; but, before he left, all these glorious buildings were destroyed by fire, and hardly one stone left upon another. It

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is a tragedy too deep for words. The wonderful thing is that the flames seem unable, in many cases, to destroy the statues of the Mother and Child, and the Crucifixes.

A near and dear relative of ours who is in the Household Brigade has just been home on leave. He has been in the thick of the fighting, and, as there was no Cavalry work going on, he had to go with the rest of the Cavalry into the trenches. Such a horrible time, he says it was ! The worst part of all was hearing the crys and groans of the wounded and dying, and not being able to leave the trenches to help them.

The "Higher Plane"

There has been a general "rest-cure" going on at the Front, and people have had the joy of seeing their dear ones back again. But oh ! the second partings. We have talked to many of them ; there seems to be a new look in their eyes, as if they had been looking into the Eternal. Somehow one felt as if one must talk in a whisper to them.

These days that we are all passing through are often full of terror and even horror, and yet they are also full of heroism and beauty. Somehow everyone and everything seems on a higher plane ; as of course they are.

"When the Lights are Low"

We are feeling we need a little change to get away from the dim, sad streets of London. And

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yet, with all the dim lights, there is a new beauty come to the streets "when the lights are low." Nearly all the lights in the shop windows are shaded with different colours, and these many coloured lights are reflected in the street and on to the pavements; when there is rain the puddles are turned into glorified iridescent pools, and the pavements and roads are like rainbows. The shop windows too, with the coloured lights cast down upon the goods displayed, look very mysterious and almost fairy-like. So we have our compensations.

A Belgian Party

December 5th, 1914.

I have just been to a Belgian "At Home" in a schoolroom. It was got up by a young wife whose husband is at the front, and her only comfort is in trying to cheer the poor refugees. So she has these little "At Homes" every week for lonely Belgians. She was an actress before she married, and therefore is able to get lots of professionals to come and sing to them. I heard a Belgian tenor sing some French songs most exquisitely. There was also a pretty Russian girl who sang their National Hymn very beautifully. I heard the Belgian National Hymn for the first time. There was a sweet refrain which everyone joined in; some of the older Belgians sang it with streaming eyes, and such a far-away look in their eyes. One knew they were seeing their old homes, and many other things besides. Two little Belgian girls danced

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so prettily, and their young brother played the accompaniment; the proud (very fat) parents *insisted* on going on to the platform too! It was all most interesting and touching. They sat in groups and circles, talking in hushed voices to each other. But every now and then some comic thing was sung or recited in French, and it was such a relief to hear them laugh.

The Loyalty of India

We had a wonderful lecture the other day in our Green Salon, from Pundit Shyam Shankar, on "The Loyalty of India," and the "Ancient Methods of Indian Warfare." A lot of prominent Indians were there, also some India Office Officials. General Sir Alfred Turner was in the chair. There was a collection of over £8 taken at the close for "comforts for the Indian soldiers."

The First Raids

January 26th, 1915.

It is a specially anxious time just now. Last night there was a German raid on the East Coast by Zeppelins and Aeroplanes. They attacked Yarmouth and King's Lynn, and even Sandringham. There have been several killed by the cruel bombs. So we are on the tip-toe of expectancy that they will continue these visits, and try hard to get to London. Such awful things are being prophesied: it makes one's heart stand still to hear of all that may be going to happen to our beloved England, and to

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London, before Peace is possible. It is strange to read of trenches being made in England, and full of soldiers too, all ready and on the watch. And yet with all the watchfulness from air, land, and sea, the Germans seem able to slip in and take us "unawares." God grant they may never reach London. We have to be prepared to fly to our basements, and have candles ready, and "lamps trimmed," like the wise Virgins; for at the first sign of a raid over London all the gas and electric light will be turned off at the main, and everything will be in pitch darkness. This happened in Paris yesterday. I have two oil stoves and a little lamp that I keep ready trimmed, and candles in every candlestick. We have a basement room belonging to our flat; it is crammed with books and literature, but we could sit on the piles of books and parcels, which would be better than sitting on the coals, and being run over by rats, as has happened to some of the poor Belgians!

The Christmas Truce

We have been reading in the papers of the wonderful Christmas truce between the German and English soldiers in the trenches. It has been a real comfort to read of it: a sort of rest from the bitter thoughts and mental pictures of horrors that are ever with one. Some of the German soldiers seem such nice men!

The Loyal Choir

I have started a Choir and Concert Party,

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called "The Loyal Choir," as my special War work. It is a tremendous interest to me.

We are going to lend ourselves out to Patriotic Meetings and Hospitals, etc. We are having a series of Patriotic Teas in the E.M. Restaurant for our wounded soldiers once a fortnight, and a concert afterwards, with a collection for one of the War Funds at the close. The "Loyal Choir" sang at the first Patriotic Tea last week. The Collection was for the "National Food Fund"; we had a number of wounded soldiers as our guests. Some of them were Belgians. It was very funny to hear them singing the chorus of "Tipperary" in their broken English. Lady Emmott, who is the head of the Belgian Refugees Committee, spoke so charmingly. She is such a wonderful woman, and very beautiful too. Lectures and classes are being started in Economy and the Prevention of Waste. This War will certainly teach Economy, if it teaches nothing else. The Dominions have sent some generous gifts of frozen meat and rabbits to the Belgian Refugees Fund.

The First Naval Victory

There has been a Naval victory, and a German man-of-war sunk. Our Navy lost nothing, but the Germans are publishing their usual reports, and say that we have lost several ships. Our Navy just stopped them making one of their raids. To-morrow, the 27th, is the Kaiser's birthday, and we are to be prepared (the Germans say) for a "great surprise." I

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trust, whatever it is, it will be stopped before the "surprise" is too terrible.

Preparing for the Zeppelins

By way of preparation, all the basements and cellars are being got ready to flee to. I have piled up the parcels of books and literature all round the sides, and have left boxes for "seats." I have a table in the middle, and also a lamp, candles, matches, and an oil stove, and lint and bandages, and even brandy! I have brought down a lot of furs and rugs and blankets in case we have to fly down at night. This is, of course, supposing the Zeppelins ever reach London. Every night before I get into bed I leave all the things I should want to snatch up hurriedly, close to the bedroom door. I don't think there is any cowardice in being prepared. Our housemaid has had a course of "first-aid," so she is in charge of the wounded, should there be any. I am getting up a little Corps of all those who have been through "first-aid" at the Restaurant, and have got in bandages, etc., all ready. We are in a most dangerous zone in Chandos Street.

The River through the Streets

I am thankful to say that the Kaiser's birthday passed off peacefully so far as England was concerned, but the fighting was too terrible near Ypres. I had such an interesting talk with a Belgian gentleman refugee a few days ago. His description of the beautiful destroyed cities was

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like a series of wonderful pictures. The Germans are in Bruges, but so far have done no harm to it. He says that Bruges is so marvellous, and full of priceless treasures. He told me that a lovely river runs through some of the streets, and white swans glide up and down them. They quite expect that if the Germans are beaten back to the Rhine they will destroy Bruges and every other place that they pass through, and finish destroying all the ones they have half destroyed. Poor Brussels is mined all ready.

I heard such a funny story the other day. A wounded Belgian was wanting to ask his hospital nurse if she " had a young man," and the only way he could put it was " *Have you a man on your arm ?* " !

I have been asked to write a series of articles on Economical Food, etc., in the " Daily Express," and another article has been commissioned on " Waste in the British Kitchen."

Rainbow Colours in the Streets

The War is just now in a sort of " ding-dong " state, as the weather is so bad. No general advance can take place until the Spring. I drove through Brompton Road and Sloane Street the other evening. The coloured lights in the shop windows were exquisite. Paper lanterns of every shade are veiling the lights. Sometimes the flags of the Allies are put across the lights; the effects of light and colour, and the reflection of many colours on the pavement and streets are unbelievably

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beautiful. The streets really look like the streets of Japan at night.

The First Spring Flowers

February 23rd, 1915.

We are having a lot of bright sunshine just now; the birds are beginning to sing and chirp in such a Springtide manner; the shops have daffodils and snowdrops in them, and the flowers from the Scilly Isles have arrived, so we are "tuning up" for Spring, and Easter. But alas! it is all in the minor key, for the sadness and the horror of the War overshadow everything. Such heartbroken people come into the Restaurant; they are so brave too. Wives, mothers, aunts, and sisters come and buy all sorts of things to send to their dear ones in the trenches. It is quite one of my special works to choose what shall be sent to them. In spite of all, it is a wonderful time.

Our brother-in-law has been home for a week's furlough again. From what he told, I should think that the frost-bites are almost the worst part of all, and the want of sleep. He went back again last Sunday, two days after this horrible "blockade" had started, so that, added to everything else, there is the horror of the mines and torpedoes. So far our troops have been marvellously protected in their perilous voyages across the Channel.

February 25th.

Last Sunday there was another air-raid—in

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Essex this time. They always choose a Sunday. I suppose they hope that people will be less on the look out. It is wonderful how the little babies are protected when the cruel bombs shatter the homes.

We are wondering where we shall go for Easter. Somehow the seasons seem to have little or no meaning in them just now. And yet there is something so touching and beautiful in the way the dear flowers and leaves are coming out just as usual, as if nothing was wrong with the world. I cannot express what I felt when I saw the first Spring flowers, just a few snowdrops and daffodils; they seemed like something quite new to me, as if I was seeing them for the first time in my life. I couldn't help the tears coming, and I couldn't help burying my face in the flowers. They seemed the only things left that were the same as before the War, the only things that spoke of Peace.

A Visit to Chelsea Barracks

My "Loyal Choir" is becoming quite well-known. The other night we were asked to help at a Concert given at the Chelsea Barracks for the Grenadier Guards before they left for the Front. There were 800 soldiers as audience. They all joined in the choruses splendidly. I shall never forget that evening, for it was February 18th, the awful day when the blockade began, and the day when the Germans had threatened all sorts of frightfulnesses.

I gave the "Choir" a tea in the E.M. Restaurant before they started, and then we all

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took taxis between us, and plunged out into the darkened streets to go to Chelsea Barracks. Evidently London meant to be prepared for an air-raid, for the sky was brilliantly lightened with searchlights. There were pathways of light crossing and re-crossing each other, in a sort of check pattern. It looked so beautiful, and yet so terrible. We all kept giving furtive frightened looks up at the sky, expecting to see the Zeppelins. Chelsea Barracks was absolutely in pitch blackness, and the soldiers had to protect us across the Barrack square. It was a real adventure.

All the evening I was wondering what would be happening when the Concert was over, and if I should find Eustace and the servants sheltering in our basement when I got home. I had to drive home alone, except that one of the Grenadier Guards recruits most kindly came in the taxi with me until we had got past the Barracks, and past all the soldiers with fixed bayonets. It was quite a war-like evening. The Grenadier Guards are going out almost at once, which made everything seem so dreadfully real and tragic.

An Evening at the Westminster Palace Hotel

February 28th.

I am taking my dear "Loyal Choir" to help entertain 200 soldiers and officers who are being given a dinner at the Westminster Palace Hotel before they go out to the Front. I expect it will be very interesting. We have joined the

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" Daily Express Concert Party," which provides Wartime Entertainments, and our choruses are a great help to them. Next week we are all visiting Plaistow to give a Concert to 200 soldiers' wives. So we are quite busy now.

Our Patriotic Tea was packed on Thursday last. We had a beautiful Entertainment, helped by many professionals. We also had an Exhibition of things that were made in the Women's Emergency Corps workrooms. A good many wounded soldiers were there as our guests. One lady bought up all the shirts at the " Women's Emergency " Stall, and gave the soldiers one each.

FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER RIFLES

March 1st.

Last night we sang at the farewell dinner given to the Queen's Westminster Rifles at the Westminster Palace Hotel before some of them go to the Front and the newly-joined to their training Camp. We Entertainers arrived after the Dinner was over. It was most exciting entering the huge rooms with long tables packed with soldiers in khaki. Our Party numbered fifteen—nine of whom were my Choir. It was simply splendid to hear the soldiers join in the Choruses. Everything went off well, and we were made no end of. There were some stirring speeches before each " Toast." It was all vibrating with loyalty and patriotism. We sang " Land of Hope and Glory," " Here's a Health unto His Majesty,"

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and " Keep the Home Fires Burning." We were signing our autographs on the Menus all the evening ! They all said they should take them to the Front with them. (N.B.—*Alas ! Hardly any of the men came back.*)

The Dardenelles

The great event which is stirring us all just now in connection with the War, is the wonderful way our Navy and the French Navy are forcing their passage through the Dardanelles. One can hardly realise what it will mean if they really reach Constantinople, and what it will mean if England is able to procure wheat from Russia. Another wonderful thing is the way Russia has reinforced and is attacking the Germans again after Russia's stately and wise " retreat." It is said that there is going to be a " Titanic " battle for Calais again, and that the Germans are pouring thousands of troops into Belgium. How it makes one tremble for our soldiers, and our own dear family soldiers who are out there.

The Two Trains of Destiny

March 5th.

I must now describe two very wonderful experiences I have just had. Every day there is a train from Victoria which takes the soldiers who have been home on a few days' leave back to—somewhere—to join the Boat that will take them back to France and the cruel trenches. Shortly after, another train comes in, bringing soldiers

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and officers home from the trenches. Well, I determined I would go to Victoria and meet *both* trains, and see for myself the moving scenes that people can hardly speak of for their pathos. And I really can scarcely find words in which to describe what I saw.

The "Good-bye" Train

It was a perfect day of brilliant sunshine. When I got to Victoria Station, the train was waiting in the "siding" which is always kept entirely for these goings and comings. Even the train looked to me different from any other train that I have ever seen before. It seemed to me like a train of Destiny waiting there for its sacred burden of brave men who might never again return to "Blighty." It reminded me of the Allegory of the "Black Ship" which used to fetch people and take them out to sea when their "day" had come to start on their last voyage.

At first the platform was empty, only the train with "steam up," waiting. And then there began to arrive the Tommies, and the Officers, and the Mothers, Wives, and Sisters and Sweethearts. A magic piece of paper admitted them on to the platform. I was at the barrier. The men looked very brave, but their faces were very set. Some of them hardly dared to look at the brave women walking by their side. But I knew what they were each feeling, I went through a bit of it on that very platform, when Eustace went to America. The luggage was so

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different from other luggage too ; it was chiefly those long bolsters they all take their things in. Some of the Tommies had bunches of flowers to take out with them. Soon the platform was crowded with this wonderful army of men and women who were fighting back the tears so bravely, and each helping the other by their own courage. Then came the moment when the first dreaded whistle sounded ; it seemed more like a " trumpet call " than the whistle of an ordinary engine. The very air became suddenly charged with intensest feeling. We all held our breaths ; perfect silence reigned, for we knew the " good-byes " were being said ; we knew that for some the last kiss was being given. Then there was a banging of doors, and the last whistle sounded. The train slowly moved off, as if it could not *bear* to go, and the platform was left with only women, a few fathers, and some very depressed doggies. I never saw such a sight as it was when the khaki arms were waving out of the windows to those dear ones who were left standing on the platform as long as the train was in sight.

And then the sad procession passed out again ; some of the women looked years older since they had last gone through the wonderful gate that kept opening and shutting to admit the brave procession through. I kept on thinking and wondering " Which will come back again through that gate ? " Of course there were tears, but on the whole very few really gave way. Some looked terribly lonely, and one thought of the empty homes to which they were going back.

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The "Blighty" Train

March 6th.

I must now describe the second train which brought the Tommies and Officers home on furlough to the same platform as the train that, alas! took them out again to the awful trenches. It was a very intense time, the waiting for the wonderful train to come in with its heroic burden. Not the least interesting part was the sight of the happy, expectant faces of those who had come to meet their dear ones; such a contrast to the faces I had just seen go through the gate, after seeing their brave men off. How we all watched for the signal to drop! At last it did, and again the train seemed *more* than a train, as it slowly slipped into the siding. In one instant the doors all flew open, and strange objects poured out. They seemed almost to resemble Arctic explorers, or Esqimaux, than ordinary soldiers. Most of them had on sheepskin coats, strange fur caps and woollen helmets; and their khaki was black; some were in rags, and oh! the mud on their boots and legs. The colour of their faces was so strange too, so weather-worn and weather-beaten. But the saddest part of all was the stern gravity of their expressions, as if the "veil" had been lifted and they had seen things they could never speak of and never forget. They carried the weirdest parcels and bags, full of souvenirs. Some of the "Tommies" had bunches of flowers tied on to their rifles, given to them, I suppose, by the French girls. There were beautiful cars waiting for some of

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the officers, with beautiful wives inside too! I was so sorry for those who had no one to meet them. They all looked *dreadfully* tired. It was the most wonderful and thrilling crowd I have ever seen. It made one realise what the War means more than anything else has ever done. When it was all over, I felt as if I had been to Church; as if I had been at a Sacrament. I did so long for someone to start cheering the War-worn heroes: it was all so horribly English and silent. One woman waved her baby to the Tommies! This gave a little life to the solemn scene. I went up to some of them and said "Welcome Home." One thing I noticed was that the men who came home looked nearly as sad as those who went back. I suppose it was that the shadow of the "going back" was already over them. It was only three days for most of them.

A Visit to a Big Military Hospital

March 9th.

My "Loyal Choir" are invited to go with the "Daily Express Concert Party" to give an entertainment to the wounded prisoners who have just been released from Germany, and who are in —— Hospital. It will be on St. Patrick's Day, so we are asked to sing as many Irish things as we can. It will be interesting, though very sad.

The Brave Wounded

We have been to —— Hospital. It was a

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wonderful experience to see and talk to the lately released and wounded prisoners from Germany. The Concert Party and the Choir gave a joint entertainment. There was something inexpressibly sad about it all. In fact it haunts me so that I cannot get away from the pictures that remain in my mind of the sad faces and maimed limbs of the brave soldiers; and yet they were wonderfully plucky. Even a man who had only one arm and one leg remaining was perfectly willing to laugh and joke, and to say that he would have to find out what could be done with one arm and one leg! All the beds were full; some of the men were so ill that we did not like to speak to them, but others were sitting up and were quite cheery. Nearly all of them had great high cradles over them to protect their wounded limbs, so I am afraid most of them suffered chiefly with leg wounds.

The Concert was supposed to begin at 4.30, but it took nearly an hour to get the wounded into their places. The middle of the ward was filled with chairs for those who could walk, or hobble, or hop; for a great many came hopping in like birds to take their places amongst the audience. It was the most extraordinary experience I can ever imagine taking part in. I absolutely felt as if I was in the battlefield all the time. The part that is so difficult to forget is the suffering that one saw, mental and physical. There was one wounded officer there, in civilian dress, one of the handsomest men I have ever seen; a lovely girl was with him; I suppose she was his wife or fiancée. He had only one arm,

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and his foot was bandaged up with a huge slipper on. Otherwise he was just the smart man that one might meet in the Park. I could see he was in perfect torture the whole time with his arm, for he kept on holding his empty sleeve, as if even *the sleeve* was in pain !

There were a good many extra artistes from the Coliseum, and they gave such a jolly note to it all, for they sang all the things that the soldiers knew and loved : marching songs with a sort of " War-whoop " which we have heard the recruits sing as they march along, and have wondered what it meant. It was so refreshing to hear them laugh ! We saw the bedclothes shaking with the laughter, even of those who were in bed.

Of course I saw things that I wished could be improved. One was that those who were very ill, and had had severe operations the day before, were left in the ward, not fit to take part in such a frivolous affair, and to whom the long concert, the clappings and encores, were perfect torture. One felt that they should have been removed to another ward during the concert. One man I spoke to whispered to me that the afternoon had been " like Hell " to him. He looked as if he could not possibly get over his awful operation. The convalescent ones said it was the best concert they had ever been to.

Another thing I saw was that after the Concert, when they were most of them exhausted with the length of the Concert and with the enjoyment of it, they were given refreshments, consisting of two thick slices of bread and butter

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and a cup of milk and water : sort of prisoner's fare ! What I would have liked to have seen them having was hot soup, and some nice buttered toast. But they were quite cheery over it, so of course one said nothing. We were all starving ourselves, for they evidently forgot to provide us with any tea, and most of my Choir had gone straight from their work or offices without any tea.

. . . . . .

We have had another thrilling Patriotic Tea at the E.M. Restaurant. Amongst our soldier guests were some of the poor disabled from Millbank. They numbered nearly thirty, and we had a regular spread for them on the Gallery Floor. Some of them were so bad that they had to be carried upstairs. One man had lost his left arm and leg ; hardly any of them were " whole." But of course they were brave and cheerful as usual. They told us a lot of interesting stories.

The Wig that the King Gave

One man had on a very apparent auburn wig. He asked me how I liked his wig ? He told me that he was obliged to wear a wig, because in the South African War he had lost his hair through eating bad horseflesh. So he went to France with his wig ! He was badly wounded and lost a leg, and was taken prisoner. To his horror, when he regained consciousness he found that the Germans had kept his wig as a " souvenir." Finally, he came to England with the other released prisoners

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with no leg, and with no wig for his absolutely bald head. When our King visited the released prisoners at Millbank, he noticed this bald-headed, one-legged man, and asked him how it was that he had lost all his hair. So he explained to the King all about it, and how the Germans had kept his wig as a "souvenir," and he suggested to His Majesty that perhaps the Country would give him a new one? So the King said that this was decidedly the right thing to do, and that he should certainly have a new one. Next day this beautiful auburn wig arrived from King George. You can imagine how proud he is of it. He was so merry over it too: it almost seemed to make up to him for the loss of his leg.

. . . . . .

April 25th, 1915.

The War is entering upon a very serious phase; one knew that with the Spring and better weather a terrible struggle would have to take place, and it *is* taking place. It is too awful to read of the Germans using bombs with asphyxiating gases for our brave men. It isn't fighting, it is murder. No wonder our men had to fall back. The Canadians seem splendid. We know so many of them. I wonder if any of these are still alive.

HUSHED VOYAGES

It is simply marvellous the way that the troops have been, and are being, sent to the Front. It is all so secret and mysterious. One sees and hears nothing of it; it is all done in the dead of night, and the call is so sudden that there is no

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time for "good-byes." None of them know, even when they get into the train, where they are going, and still less when they silently embark and steal out to sea with not a light on board. They are not allowed to smoke, and I believe not even to whisper to each other. Everything is done in perfect silence. Of course Destroyers and Minesweepers go before them, with no lights —silent, mysterious "black ships"—going to an unknown destination. We always know when there is a great movement of troops taking place, for we are near Euston, and so many go from there to Somewhere. We hear an incessant muffled roar of trains all night; it is like the roaring of the sea. It was going on all last night, and neither of us could sleep; it seemed as if the War was so near us.

EASTERTIDE

We have just had a very delightful little holiday of nearly a week at W.-on-Sea. The East Cliffs are closed altogether to the public, and alarming notices are up threatening to shoot anyone found on the forbidden area. There are armoured motor-cars, with anti-aircraft guns, quartered at various stables, and a sentry with fixed bayonet marching up and down outside. You can imagine how solemn and awful it looks in quiet little W.-on-Sea. I simply rushed pass the gleaming bayonet with frightened eyes fixed upon it.

I went to Church on Easter Sunday. It seemed to me as if the most wonderful change had passed over the congregation since I was last

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there. Although it was Easter Sunday, there were no new smart frocks. Everyone was dressed so quietly, and most of those who were in mourning wore deep purple instead of black. The Vicar preached a very simple sermon from "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." There was soft music during the Celebration, and as we passed up to the altar the organ played softly ("in a whisper") "But the Lord is mindful of His Own—He remembers His Children"; nearly everyone was weeping. We seemed in a Holy of Holies just then, as if we were all one Family sharing each other's sorrows.

Whitsuntide at Sevenoaks

May 24th, 1915.

We had been wondering where to go for our short Whitsuntide holiday, when someone suggested our coming to Sevenoaks. We did not much like the idea of the Coast, as the Zeppelin scare seemed becoming more than a scare. So we engaged a room here, in a beautiful hotel, and it has been such a lovely holiday. We had neither of us ever been to Sevenoaks before, and had no idea of its wonderful beauty. This hotel has the most glorious old-world garden, with a lot of surprise gardens, hidden nooks, and sweet copses carpeted with bluebells that look in the distance almost like blue smoke. The birds are filling the air with their spring song, as well as the flowers filling the air with their spring fragrance. It is good to smell the wallflowers and lilacs again; it reminds me of long ago days when

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we walked in our own old-world garden, and were at peace. All this rest and beauty takes us for just three or four days out of the stress and strain and horror of War-time in London, with all the awful things that people say are going to happen to London. It is rather like shutting one's eyes for a bit, and having a beautiful dream instead. We have had two such lovely drives through Knole Park, and through wonderful old-world villages, and through avenues exactly like the aisles of a Cathedral. We feel as if we have never loved Nature and felt it help and comfort us, as we have on this visit. But there is a lot to remind us of the War even here, for the Hotel is full of khaki officers; the streets are full of soldiers, and every house is a "billet." Even "Bishops-Court," where the Bishop of Rochester lives, has officers billeted in it.

Gretna Green

The awful news reached us here of the railway accident near Gretna Green, in which so many of our dear soldiers were killed. It seems as if there is nothing left for us to bear! What with the strikes, and the dissensions amongst the Government Leaders, and the want of Munitions at the Front, and the overwhelming losses amongst our brave soldiers, and now this railway accident, it really makes one wonder if we are "forsaken" for a time. But, of course, things *must* get better. For instance, out of all the mistakes and squabblings of the Government, they are at last going to have a Coalition Government,

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which we women knew they ought to have had long ago. If only the right men are chosen! It is a fateful time to live through.

We go home to-morrow, and shall have to wake from this beautiful dream. The weather is simply glorious. I can hardly see to write, the sun is so strong. It has done us a lot of good.

A Funny Experience

On our last night at Sevenoaks some officers were late home from their "rounds," and did not get back to the Hotel until midnight. At 12 o'clock, I was awakened by the most tremendous banging, as if the front door was being broken in. I imagined Zeppelins and Germans and all sorts of horrors when I woke. I very bravely put on my dressing-gown and went and listened at the top of the stairs, and again this awful noise came. So then I felt sure it must be the officers returning late. So poor Eustace, with blinking eyes, and with a sort of *drunken* walk, went down to open the door, for no one else in the Hotel heard it but us. I hung over the banisters to make sure it *was* the officers. I saw about twelve pour in, but Eustace never spoke; he simply stood holding the door open, in his Oriental blue dressing-gown, and they all gave him looks of wild surprise; but they also never spoke. I was so irate at their not thanking him, that from my dark post on the stairs I exclaimed, "I think you might at *least* say 'Thank you.'" They looked up with wild dismay and surprise, for they had no idea where the voice came from

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(and they never will!). They then turned to Eustace, humbly thanking him, and said they thought he was the "boots"; which made it even worse! By the time they came upstairs I had fled back to our room; so the ghostly voice was never explained. We couldn't get to sleep for laughing.

ITALY JOINS IN

May 29th.

Our beautiful dream is over, but of course we are always glad to come back to our dear home. I am pleased to say that the Zeppelins have still not come to London, but they have again raided Southend, which is pretty near. The great excitement is that Italy has now joined the Allies; although this makes it a still more terrible War, yet it may end it sooner.

Since I wrote about the terrible needless railway accident at Gretna, there has been a frightful explosion on a Naval ship at Sheerness, with everyone blown to pieces, except one man. We somehow feel as if it must have been through some German spy, or through treachery. The reason of the explosion has not even been hinted at yet.

The Beginning of Meatless Days

I am very busy over many things. My cookery book, "Economy in War Time," is to be published by Methuen as soon as ever I have finished it. It is exactly the right time for it to come out, for the price of meat is becoming so awful that

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many of the butchers' shops are closing. Eustace and I are tremendously in requisition about meatless foods. I am trying to start a campaign in people's own kitchens for demonstrations in meatless cookery, especially as Thursday is now the " Meatless Day " in England. We had a most interesting demonstration the other day.

A Wonderful War-Home

I am on the Committee of " Helena House." This is one of the War-Homes for helping lady artistes and business women who are out of work through the War. Eugene Sandow's daughter has lent a house for it in Holland Park Gardens. A charming lady is the Hostess, all the servants are ladies, and the guests only pay 6s. a week for board and lodging. This is only possible because nearly all the food is given free by the National Food Fund, and all the gas stoves, etc., have been put in free, and the furniture is lent. It is a most ideal place, so exquisitely refined, and everything is done to make it feel like home. All the bedrooms are divided up into cubicles, with lovely art-coloured curtains. Each cubicle is a miniature bedroom, with its own individuality and its own electric light. The lady servants do their work so beautifully, and wear pretty art-coloured smock pinafores. They are paid for their work, of course. We were there last Saturday afternoon with the Principal of our School of Cookery. We all descended into the basement-kitchen and Eustace gave an interesting little lecture. We then gave a

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demonstration of a delicious and cheap meatless meal. They all had what we had cooked for their suppers; and how they enjoyed it!

The National Food Fund has become something enormous. One of the merchant ships which was lately torpedoed was bringing a cargo of frozen meat, etc., as a gift from either New Zealand or Australia (I don't know which) to the National Food Fund. Another huge cargo of food is on its way. How I hope it will reach here safely with its precious burden. This, too, is for the National Food Fund.

The "Daily Express Concert Party" and the "Loyal Choir" have been asked to sing at a Belgian Concert at Earl's Court, which is now like a Belgian Settlement. And, on the 17th, we shall be singing at a big Recruiting Concert at Paddington. We are going in largely now for helping at Recruiting Meetings. We hope even to sing in the streets as we have in the Park.

The "Lusitania"

We sang a few days ago at the "Women's Work Exhibition," which was held at the Horticultural Hall. I shall never forget that evening. The Choir all met beforehand in the E.M. Restaurant, and I gave them dinner. In the middle of dinner we heard the dread news of the "Lusitania" having been sunk by the Germans. The customers came in looking stricken with horror: the most awful silence and solemnity seemed to fill the place. I asked the orchestra to play, very softly, "Eternal Father, Strong to Save."

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It seemed the only thing to do, for although one knew, only too well, that the poor "Lusitania" victims were beyond help, there were still others "in peril on the Sea." I believe that all in the Restaurant *really* prayed the words "O hear us when we cry to Thee, for those in peril on the Sea." And then we had to go off, through the dim, mysterious, half-lighted streets, to our concert.

A Zeppelin Raid in the East-End

Since I last wrote in these records, there has been a horrible Zeppelin raid in the East-End of London. All details are kept out of the papers, but of course one hears a good deal privately. It was a much bigger raid than was announced. Some of our employees were actually in it. Our two charwomen were close to it, and saw houses being burnt down. They gathered up a few belongings, and with their little bundles walked about the streets all night, afraid to go to their room at the top of some high flats. A very touching story did get into the papers at one of the Inquests. When the Firemen entered one of the houses that had nearly been destroyed by an awful bomb, they found a husband and wife, with all their clothes burnt off them, kneeling in prayer at their bedside, the husband's arm was still round his wife's waist. One can hardly tell, or think of it, without tears. I sometimes wonder if Eustace and I shall be found like that. It all seems coming so near us. We have heard bombs the last two

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or three nights, but there has been nothing in the papers. There has been another raid on the East and South-East Coasts, but no one has seen it mentioned as to which the places were. I suppose poor Southend was one place. How solemn every night seems! For the raids are nearly always at night. We never know when the next may be, only we must prepare. Every night it seems to me like preparing for the Judgment Day. We have a pail of water and one of sand outside our bedroom, and the bath half full of water in case of fire. Then we have handkerchiefs, to tie over our mouths and noses, soaked in strong soda water, in case of poisonous gases. I have, close to our bedroom door, my dressing bag and hand-bags, full of necessities, and wraps, etc. I sleep in warm garments too. If it weren't so real and great a danger, it would be most amusing to see me preparing for all emergencies every night. Eustace is so funny over my preparations. He adds the most ludicrous things to the pile by the door to make me laugh. Every night it is something fresh! He keeps so calm and brave and trustful.

The Meatless Days

June 25th.

It is quite a long time since I wrote in my diary. I have been so overwhelmed with getting my book ready for Methuen, and I have still heavy work in front of me; for there will be two sets of printers' proofs to go through. We expect it will be a great success, the price of

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meat is still rising, and the Government are warning people that they must eat less meat. They are most likely going to "take over" all the meat supplies so as to watch over them. Eustace is tremendously to the fore over the subject of meat substitutes. We have been asked by some of the big Liverpool firms to send someone to Liverpool to tell them what to give their Employees instead of meat. We are starting on a campaign of demonstrations, and Eustace will himself give a lecture to Employers and Employees in Liverpool. It is quite a big undertaking for us, but, if we didn't do it, the wrong sort of people might undertake it.

More Raid Preparations

It is wonderful that so far the dreadful threatened air-raid hasn't taken place. Of course we are expecting it any night.

I am putting up beds in our downstairs flat which we use as offices, so that if a bomb crashed through the roof of this flat, which is near the top of the building, we could sleep downstairs. The Zeppelin pile of emergency clothes and bags, etc., ready at our bedroom door for the fatal raid (if it comes) has grown bigger! Eustace now has a little pile all of his own by his bedside, including a pair of trousers and overcoat, and I have added a soft little hat to my clothes, to pull down over my hair. I hear the most ludicrous stories of other people's preparations. Some women don't take down their hair at all at night, but go to bed with it done up grandly, as for

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the day. Other women are having wonderful "nighties," made like tea-gowns. I am going to have a "dress rehearsal," to see how quickly we can "escape" and get into our garments. Eustace and I have each got respirators, or at least, masks, for they include eye-holes covered with Talck. We look *too awful* in them. The people in the flat over us fill their bath with water at night; the other night they did not turn it off properly, and in the morning our bathroom was simply flooded out with the water that had come through the ceiling.

Recruiting in Hyde Park

The "Loyal Choir" sang at a splendid Recruiting Concert the other night. To-morrow we are going to sing at a big Recruiting Meeting in Hyde Park. It is splendid to think that we are really doing some work for our Country.

We are actually beginning to hope that after all we may go to Looe for our summer holiday. That part of the world sounds so safe from the War. We are longing for a holiday spell. The War seems so terribly near us, with these almost daily (or nightly) visitations of Zeppelins. I believe the damage done and the lives lost are quite terrible. So much is suppressed, that one hardly dares speak of what one hears is constantly happening. The "hot breath of War" seems almost in our midst. And there are heaps of Germans still about, and spies everywhere. But at last the Country *is* awake, and what ought to have been done at the beginning of the War is

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now being done. God grant it may not be too late.

The Visit to the Belgian Settlement in Earl's Court

June 27th.

I must now describe the Concert which the "Loyal Choir" gave at the Belgian Settlement at Earl's Court. Of course there is no Earl's Court Exhibition this year. Instead, it has been turned into a regular Belgian Town. It is absolutely wonderful and unbelievable to see the change that has been wrought amidst the remains of what used to be such scenes of gaiety and mirth.

One enters by the same long subway, but just before emerging into the grounds there is a barricade; behind it there are refugees swabbing the floors with disinfectants; quite busy with their new home, to keep it clean and free from disease. The walls are covered with large posters in Flemish, giving directions where to go, and stringent rules about what may be, and what may not, be done. Then one emerges into the great open space of walks, seats, and buildings. The large marble basin where the fountain used to play is now empty and silent, and the children play inside it, whilst the refugees sit in groups on the marble enclosure. The Water-shute and Switchback are still there, but with locked gates. The fun and movement has gone from everything. One is so struck with the silence of it all; the band-stand, with no band; all the smartness is gone; it only

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looks sordid and derelict. Instead of gay crowds, there are the poor homeless Belgians, strolling up and down, and sitting in groups on the seats. The only sounds are the shrill voices of the children. The notices of the last Exhibition are still on the walls, looking so weird and garish. Every available building is converted into something useful for the Belgians. They even have their little shops, and very clever work is being done in their strange new world. I believe the whole of the upkeep of the place is done by the Belgians. Our Concert was held in a most enormous Hall, a great white building still called the " Queen's Palace." It was absolutely packed with Belgians. There was one French singer, and one wonderful French boy violinist. They enjoyed our choruses, and we sang the Belgian National Anthem twice, they sang it in their own language; of course everyone joined in the " Marseillaise." I was shocked to see what *crowds* of young Belgian men were there, and one wondered why they were not fighting for their Country?

Evensong

On the way to the " Queen's Palace " we saw many interesting sights. I heard some lovely singing coming from a building, and peeping in found that one of the buildings had been converted into a little Chapel. Evensong was being held, a Priest was playing a small organ, and they were singing the most exquisite prayer, all kneeling. The music was simply haunting. There was no Choir, only the Belgians; it seemed as if,

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through the music, one heard and understood their cry for Help and Pity, for of course we could understand no words. I cannot describe what the pathos was of that dim, pathetic scene, in what was once one of the Show Buildings of the Exhibition. It was so touching to see the old couples sitting in quiet corners together, some of them hand in hand, looking so sad; one knew they were talking of the old days in their peaceful homes in Belgium. They all gave us such pretty greetings as we walked amongst them.

The "Nursery"

There is a huge "nursery" for the children; the mothers sleep with them. The men's enormous "bedroom" is the auditorium of the great Concert Hall. The velvet seats have been turned into hundreds of little white beds round the Amphitheatre, all in tiers, as the seats are. Some of the men were going to bed when we peeped in. The centre of the Hall is their great Dining Room. The tables were ready laid for breakfast.

The "Good Nights"

The women's (unmarried) bedroom is the other side of the building. We saw some funny sights as we left Earl's Court. It was bedtime, and a lot of the young people didn't want to go to bed, and tried to rush past the officers who have to see them to their various quarters. Then we saw some of the married couples and the

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family groups saying good-night, and kissing each other so affectionately. I felt so sorry for them all having to be parted like that. The children were all being swept into their huge bedroom, or nursery, like sheep into a sheep-fold, and their fathers were carrying them to their sleeping-place; then they had to part from wife and children at the door that was guarded so zealously—and the men were hurried off to their own quarters, looking so unwilling and naughty! It was a most interesting family scene. On the whole I think they looked wonderfully happy; they are all together, which is such a comfort to them, and they are allowed to run it in a really Belgian way. They do their own cooking, and bake their own bread. It is a real Belgian Colony; one feels almost as if one was in Flanders whilst there. Very few of them can even speak French. I saw some most lovely girls. Of course they were all hatless. Some were dressed so nicely. A lot is being done for their amusement, and they have a Concert every evening, I believe. I hope to go again in the day-time to see it more completely, and to watch them at their different trades.

When I was on the platform, and saw the hundreds of Refugees in front of me, I felt I had never before fully realised what the War has meant to Belgium. It was so awful to think that they had lost their homes, their gardens, their treasures, their All. And that, although everything possible is being done for them, yet they are virtually prisoners in Earl's Court.

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More Raids

August 24th, 1915.

There have been some bad raids on Felixstowe and Landguard, but nothing has been published about them; one only hears about these raids from people who actually live in the places. For instance, a friend of ours who is in camp there was writing to us and had to bring his letter to an abrupt end because of a sudden Zeppelin raid; but we have heard nothing further about it.

We had decided to go to Westgate for our holiday, and yet everything seemed to combine to prevent our going there. We felt sure there must be some good reason for this; and there certainly was; for quite one of the worst raids took place over that neighbourhood, and the Zeppelins actually passed over the very house we should have been in! One of our poor young airmen was killed in a field just outside Westgate, and was buried at Margate. I have received a letter from a resident who had to endure the horrors of the raid, and she said that the noise was awful. It would have frightened me terribly.

There was also a raid last week just outside London. The guns and bombs were heard quite plainly; but so far they have not penetrated to the West End of London. I wonder if they ever will? I still go on making my solemn preparations every night before we go to bed. Eustace now always has a pair of trousers by his bedside ready to jump into if necessary. We

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call them the "Zeppelin trousers"! One evening they could not be found, and my little maid came to me saying that she could not find Mr. Miles' "*alarm trousers*." How we laughed!

. . . . . .

We have had a very black War week. The Russians seem losing all round, and are, as the Papers say, "bravely retreating." The loss of Warsaw was a fearful blow. Things seem going through so many critical phases just now, and one wonders what will happen next. And now we have the added horrors of the Dardanelles; it is terrible, and so fraught with untold dangers to our brave soldiers. The Australians are doing their very big share so splendidly.

Our Visit to the Bishop of Norwich

We have had a *real* change of scene, and such an interesting one too. We have been on a visit to the Bishop of Norwich at his beautiful and wonderful Palace. It was a completely new experience. At least, it was to me; Eustace had stayed with the Bensons at Lambeth Palace when the Archbishop was alive, so he knew something of the sort of stately solemnity of an Episcopal visit. Our arrival at the Palace was very quaint, for the cabman, instead of driving us up to the door of the Palace, drove us up to the door of the Cathedral just as all the congregation were coming slowly out from "Evensong." The organ was pealing, as if a "Voluntary" was being played for our arrival. I said to the cabby, "I am *sure* that this is the Cathedral and not

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the Bishop's Palace." But he declared that this was the only entrance to the Bishop's Palace, and he actually began to take our luggage down, and put our suit-cases and "holdall," etc., on the pavement, to the horror of the congregation. So I went up to the Verger and said, "Where is the Bishop's Palace?" In solemn tones, he replied, "Madam, you are at the entrance to the Cathedral!" He then told the cabman where to go, and our "traps" were put humbly back in the cab, and we turned away and drove into a quiet, solemn street which led us to the Palace, with a doorway quite as beautiful and Cathedrally as the Cathedral itself.

The entrance hall of the Palace is an old crypt which Bishop Pollock had unearthed when he came into residence. It is *very* beautiful. It seemed just as solemn as the Cathedral; we even found ourselves talking in whispers as we went up the stately staircase to the beautiful drawing-room. We were entertained at tea by the Chaplain, as the Bishop was out. The drawing-room is wonderful, with such treasures in it. There are autographed portraits of the Royal family, all given to the Bishop personally when he was Head Master of Wellington, and by many of the Royal Family who have been his guests. The Bishop joined us later on. I was surprised to find him a comparatively young man. He is delightful, and very clever, but his cleverness is hidden beneath a charming simplicity of manner, as if he was the "learner" instead of the "teacher." He is so droll and amusing too. He and Eustace were like two

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boys together, and were full of amusing stories and memories of the old days at Marlborough when the Bishop was Master and Eustace was his pupil. I was very shy at first, and was so afraid that I should feel "out of it," since he had only known an *unmarried* Eustace. But the Bishop treated me as if he had always known me, and almost as if I had been at Marlborough with him too! It seemed strange to be in this glorious house, so perfectly managed and arranged, and yet for there to be no hostess. For Dr. Pollock is a bachelor,[1] but he sees to every detail himself, and goes into the kitchen and gives orders, and visits the bedrooms to see if they are all right! The dining-room is very beautiful, a huge room, with pictures of the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Wellington's battles, all round the walls. There is a round table for meals, and there were always interesting guests at lunch and dinner. I was the only woman all the time. They were all very nice to me, and I quite enjoyed myself.

Norwich lives in nightly expectation of Zeppelin raids. So even there I had to make the same old preparations at night, even to the "alarm trousers!" One night there was either an aeroplane or Zeppelin murmuring and "purring" in the sky. But no bombs were dropped, so it may have been one of our own aeroplanes.

The Cathedral

We went to the Cathedral service on Sunday

[1] This was written some years before his marriage.

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morning. It was a thrilling and unforgettable service ; every part of it seemed to fit in with the present War-like conditions and with the deep sorrows and anxieties that everyone is going through. Crowds of soldiers were there, and *how* they roared the hymns ! There was such a wonderful sermon. I wish I could write it here, but it would not be a bit the same if I wrote it. I shall always feel that sermon is, as it were, a jewel hidden away within my heart to bring out just when I need it.

Norwich is absolutely packed and crammed with soldiers. I suppose it is because the East Coast is considered so dangerous. We actually passed a *trench* across a field on the journey. It looked so terribly realistic. I believe Norfolk is riddled with trenches. I hear that in some trenches the soldiers are always " on guard " in case of a sudden enemy raid.

Appearances on the Battlefields

We have lately got to know Mr. J. M. Hickson, the Spiritual Healer. He is a wonderful man. He came to lunch with us the other day, and I had such an interesting talk with him. He has a little Chapel of his own in his house, and has daily Intercession services there for the wounded and sorrowful. He has asked us if he may hold some Intercession Services in our Green Salon, and if the Loyal Choir will sing hymns at it.

We are going to have a lecture this month (in our Green Salon) on "The Vision at Mons." I think there are too many testimonies to it having

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been seen to doubt that it really was seen. I have been thrilled by hearing of the "Strange Officer" who appears on the Battlefields and who walks amongst the wounded and dying, comforting them. How one longs to hear more about it! Mr. Hickson says that our Lord is appearing in many forms to people in these days when the dying are nearly as great in number as the living. He told me of one or two supernatural Appearances, but they are too sacred to write about. If such things happened in the Bible days, I cannot see why they should not happen now, in these wonderful days.

Our Baptism of Fire

September, 28th, 1915.

We have now had our "first baptism of fire," for we were actually in the great Zeppelin raid. E. F. Benson had been dining with us, and of course we had all been talking about the raids. I described to him all my preparations for a Zeppelin raid; bags; dressing-case; long coat; Eustace's "Zeppelin trousers"; and my "Zeppelin hat," all at the door of our bedroom, ready to snatch up on our way out to the "basement" of our flat. I showed him the photograph of our basement which appeared in the "Daily Graphic." He was very amused at it all, and begged to be allowed to see these grand preparations, including the "alarm trousers." So I showed him the little pile at our bedroom door. He thought it all very funny, and said, "I'm afraid you will be disappointed, and that you

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won't have any use for all these things," to which I replied, "Perhaps you will have a surprise when you get home!" This was prophetic!

The First West-End Raid

He left us about 10.45 p.m., and hardly had he closed the front door when there was the most awful bang, crash and explosion, close to our flat. How I flew out of the drawing-room down the passage to Eustace! The poor servants were standing at their bedroom door, trembling with horror. I told them to put on their warmest coats, and thick shoes and stockings as quickly as possible, and to get their money. We then collected all the "preparations," dressed in our Zeppelin clothes, gathered up the bags, and got the basement keys. Then, with the bombs crashing to earth close to our flat, and the guns roaring all round, we began our solemn journey down to the basement. And what a journey of horror it was. I never thought we should reach the basement in safety. When we got there we found that someone had used up all the matches and candles, and had not replaced them, and my electric torch, for the first time, refused to act. However, I remembered a secret store of candles and matches that I had hidden in a box when I prepared the basement many months ago, and I groped my way in the darkness and found them. I then lit the little lamp, which was trimmed all ready; and there we stood, wondering what would happen next. The ser-

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vants were a bit hysterical, but very good, and Eustace was very calm. I think I was quite brave too. My heart beat dreadfully, but I wasn't faint at all. I felt I had all the responsibility of seeing to everything, and was the captain of our little flock, and of course this helped me not to break down. I could not exactly describe what I felt. It was such an absolutely new experience. It was frightfully solemn, too, as if the War and the Germans were at our very doors. It was so strange, on our way down the long flights of stairs, to see all the flat doors standing wide open, left so by people in their hurried flights to the lower regions. No one had even time to turn out lights. Even *I* had left ours full on ! Our lift porter was simply wonderful. He cheered and encouraged us all, and filled his own basement kitchen with the frightened servants.

At last the awful roar of the bombs and guns grew less, and we heard the sound of the Zeppelins going further and further away. So we ventured out of our basement, and started home again. I shall never forget what we felt when we reached our flat, looking so bright and homely with all the lights on. What a tale it told, and what a lifetime it seemed since the first great bomb crashed about five minutes from our flat. Eustace hung out of the open window directly after the first bomb fell, and saw the wicked Zeppelin in the sky, like a long grey lighted train, and he saw the bombs dropping. He could not *bear* leaving the open window to go down to the cellar !

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When we looked out of our bedroom windows after our return to the Flat, the sky simply looked on fire. This was from the reflection of the fires that had been started.

Spies !

We had the horror of seeing some "spy" signalling going on from a skylight—regular electric light flashes; and we saw a blind being drawn backwards and forwards with real signalling movements; I actually saw the arm of a man (or woman) doing it ! It looked so dreadful, and added to the horror of it all. We have seen this happening once or twice since, but I think we have got it stopped now. We informed Headquarters, and a most charming policeman joined us in our bedroom one night to watch it from our window !

I have had curtains made to draw right across our windows. I hope others will do the same. But the lights were all blazing away just as usual from people's unprotected, undarkened windows on that tragic Wednesday night.

We feel much safer now that Sir Percy Scott is in charge of the safety of London from Air Raids.

We have a moon on just now, so it is a respite. We were very anxious about E. F. Benson that night, for the first bomb fell just after he had left us. He had to walk home with the bombs and shrapnel falling all round him. But he was as brave as possible, and said it was the grandest sight he has ever seen; he would not have missed

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the experience for anything. He saw some of the fires too. It was such a retribution on him when he had been mocking me for my wise preparations, every one of which was of the greatest use, and prevented our having any panic or bad forgets!

The Great Advance

We have heard that at last the French and British have begun their Great Advance; so far it has been all success. But, of course, it is the most tremendous time of tension; we know that the great crisis is drawing near, and we are all wondering what the future has in store for us.

Our First Loss

October 2nd.

We have had such terribly sad news to-day; our dearly-loved brother-in-law has been killed in the last Great Advance. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, fearless, kind, full of fun, a fine boxer and athlete, and a very gallant soldier.

Days of Horror and Suspense

We have now entered upon such a solemn and awful phase of the War. The music of life seems so deep and vibrating; it is as if all the stops of an organ were out; the very ground, and alas! our hearts, seem to tremble and shake with the deep thunder of this terrible music.

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We have given the latch-key of our flat to our porter, so that if he hears news of the near approach of a raid he may come into our flat at night and give us a timely warning.

Darkest London

Last night was the first night of the increased darkness of London. They say that London has not been so dark since the days of George the First. The blackness is very weird and terrifying.

Through the Shadows

October 6th.

I am at home alone this evening. Eustace is taking the chair at a meeting. I long for him to be safely back. A raid has been expected every night this week, and each night we have gone to bed not knowing what might happen before the morning. The moon has disappeared, and it is all inky darkness. It is just as if the streets were lit with night-lights, and the lights on the vehicles and the street lamps are almost black nearly to the bottom of the glass.

The shop windows are the only redeeming point, for they have dim and beautiful colours shading the lights. The shops now close at 6 p.m., and, as every private house shows no light, the blackness that envelopes London is a sort of nightmare. I get home as early as I can, for the darkness horrifies me. Some people are becoming accustomed to it now, and are like cats—able to see in the darkness!

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Brave and Noble Deeds

The War news is becoming more and more intense and critical, and now this added burden of the Balkans makes everything seem worse than ever. And Greece, after all, is going to fail us again! How terrible it all is; one dreads each day's news; the daily papers, the posters, and Everything. I sometimes envy those who have not lived to share in these nightmare days. And yet they are glorious days too! Such brave and noble deeds are being done. Women also are doing such splendid work, all life seems full of purpose.

All for War-Work

I was at a Committee meeting to-day; there were quite a number of smart Society people at it. It was at Lady W——'s beautiful house in Wilton Place. I could not help noticing the difference in the women's whole bearing, and in their conversation after the meeting was over. They were all talking together so earnestly of their War-Work, and of the comforts they were making for the wounded soldiers; bed-bibs to keep their bed-jackets clean, and bed-socks, etc. They were just as interested as if they were talking of Society events or Bridge Parties, or the Fashions, as they would have done before the War.

One of the by-products of the War is that people are making their clothes last double as long as they used to do in the days of Peace and Plenty.

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The Zeppelins

Saturday, October 16th.

So much seems to have happened since I last wrote in my Records. We have had another great Raid. It was not quite so near us as the other one, but near enough to be very alarming. It was quite close to the E.M. Restaurant in Chandos Street this time. Bombs actually fell in Chancery Lane and Wellington Street, Strand. We were very anxious about the Restaurant. Fortunately it was late in the evening and all the customers and most of the Staff had left, but a lecture was being given in the Green Salon when the bombs began to fall. The audience all hurried to the ground floor and took shelter beneath the Gallery Floor, which is of iron, so they were pretty safe. Most of them were frightened, of course. I have not been to see the ruins in a certain street in London (I must not say the name) ; it is terrible to see, I hear, and a great many were killed. We, at our flat, were given a timely warning by our porter. It was only a little past 9 p.m., so we were dressed this time. We collected our bags, etc., and the same procession again walked solemnly down the stairs to the basement, to the music of the guns and bombs. Everything went smoothly this time, except that I had forgotten my electric torch. The flat doors were all left wide open as usual ! It was rather amusing that, as the bombs were further away this time, most of the people collected at the open front door and watched the Zeppelin, and the shrapnel from our guns ex-

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ploding all round it, but alas, not hitting it. Even *I*, after depositing our possessions in the basement, and "lighting up," crept cautiously upstairs, and peeped, with frightened eyes, out of the open front door, and up at the sky. I did not see the Zeppelin, but I saw the shrapnel bursting into flame in the sky, as if a star had suddenly exploded. It was very beautiful, but awful too. The sounds were so ghastly and the knowledge that each thud of a bomb falling to earth carried death and destruction with it added to the horror of it all. I believe there were 13 Zeppelins over London and the suburbs.

At last we were told it was safe to go upstairs again, and oh! the joy of getting "home" again! But at midnight they *actually came back.* I heard the guns, and knew it was only too true; but they were soon driven off by our guns and airmen. Every night since, we have rumours brought to us of "Zeppelins on the way," but, thank God, up till now they have not again reached London. Of course we are kept in the dark about their having reached the places on the Coast. I have been told privately that a terrible fight in the air took place the night after the last raid, to keep them back from London, and that several of our airmen were killed; but not a word of this has leaked out officially, and it may not be true, but *something* has kept them back. Two nights ago we were certain they were coming, when a dense fog suddenly blotted out London. It seemed as if it was sent on purpose to protect us.

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"The Terror by Night"

It is so weird every night, for, as the shadows begin to fall, and the darkness sets in, one knows that the real and dreadful part of the day (or night) begins. Every sound is full of dread; if a door bangs we ask each other "Is that a gun?" If a taxi stands outside and makes a vibrating noise, we ask each other "Is that a Zeppelin?" I make my preparations directly it is dark now. So many lives were lost in the last raid through people not being prepared, and by their stopping to collect things, or to put things away, or in looking for warm out-door garments.

The Lucky Mistake

We have invited 30 wounded soldiers from King George's Hospital as our guests, and shall give them a tea on the Gallery Floor, as usual. We sent them their invitation about three weeks ago. Imagine our feelings, when about a week ago, whilst a lecture was going on, I was told that a 'bus load of wounded soldiers was waiting outside the Restaurant. The Hospital people had sent them *on the wrong day*. At first I did not know what to do. And then I determined that anything was better than disappointing them, so I joined them in the 'bus outside, and told them that it was the wrong day, but if they would go for a drive first, we would give them a tea just the same, and that it would be all ready for them when they came back in an hour's time. So in an hour's time back they all came. We

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had a long table on the Ground Floor spread with a lovely tea for them, and the Staff subscribed to give them all cigarettes. Many of them were Australians. The orchestra played familiar music to them, and, when it played "Till the Boys Come Home," they all shouted the chorus. At the end a wounded Sergeant-Major stood up and made a charming speech; he said "it was the best mistake they had ever made in all their lives to come to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Miles on the wrong day!" Of course they will come for the second tea on the right day.

The Intercession Services

I am glad to say that we have now begun the "Intercession Services" in our Green Salon, with Mr. Hickson as leader and speaker. They are beautiful little Services. I have trained some of our Staff as a special Choir to sing the hymns, and I play the little harmonium. Quite a good number of people came to the first one. Mr. Hickson spoke very beautifully, and such nice hymns were sung. It was all very soothing and comforting after the last great raid.

Endell Street Hospital

As soon as the Service was over, I went with the "Loyal Choir" to Endell Street Military Hospital, to help at a Concert. This Hospital belongs to Dr. Garrett Anderson, and is managed entirely by women. Crowds of wounded were waiting in a huge hall; some were in bed; some

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were too wounded to sit up and were reclining on flat couches, although fully dressed. Many were without arms or legs, but they were all bright and cheerful. There were a number of Australians amongst them.

The Tragic "Wait"

We had a terribly long wait before we could begin, and this delay was because a funeral was waiting to start just outside the Concert Hall. The father of the poor soldier had lost his train, and they did not like to have the funeral without him, so they waited until the next train. Meanwhile the soldiers were not allowed to know of the funeral, lest it should depress them, so they could not understand why the Concert did not begin, and they booed and hissed, and clapped, and cat-called for us to begin, and we were helpless! I sat amongst them, and talked to them, and tried to amuse them. I even taught them the words of the choruses of our songs. At last they would wait no longer, and although the sad gun-carriage was still outside, we began. It was very tragic, for the horrors of the Raid the night before seemed over everything. It was quite close to the Hospital too. The sadness of the funeral, and the tragedy of the wounded men made it very difficult to be "merry and bright." One felt much more like weeping.

King George's Hospital

Yesterday we gave a Concert, at Lady Tree's request, at King George's Hospital; it is such a

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wonderful Hospital. We had an audience of nearly four hundred. It was a really splendid concert—a sort of Variety Entertainment, helped by Professionals. Nearly everything that was sung had a chorus to it, and the soldiers all joined in so enthusiastically.

The "Loyal Choir" is becoming quite celebrated now.

I am thankful to say that we have had no more raids, but this is only because we have had the moon. How we watch for the moon now-a-days! The War is becoming more and more awful and involved. And even the "Coalition" Government seems at sixes and sevens.

Our Visit to Bath

November 27th, 1915.

We had a delightful reprieve from "darkest London" and Zeppelins last week, for we went to Bath for a night. Eustace was asked to lecture on "Food Economy in War-Time" at the Guildhall, and so I went with him. It was a most interesting little visit, only far too short. We went to the beautiful and newly-restored "Grand Pump Room Hotel," just opposite the old archway leading into the Pump Room. We visited the Pump Room, and saw the wonderful excavations. One seemed in another world altogether—far away from this wicked War. The quiet stillness of the old corridors was such a rest after the rush and turmoil of these days. In the Pump Room we saw the people solemnly drinking their glasses of water, and fetching them

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from a sort of " shrine " or " altar " at one end of the room, from which a steaming bubbling, stream came forth. How it reminded me of Homburg—beautiful Homburg, that many of us will never visit again, I expect. The lecture in the Guildhall was a brilliant success. We had assembled in the small Hall, but such crowds came that we had to all rise and move into the great big Hall. We gave away leaflets about my book " Economy in War-Time." I took twenty copies to sell in case people asked for them, little thinking that I could easily have sold 150 if I had had them with me. I was absolutely overwhelmed with the number of those who offered me their shillings for the book. People know so little about what to give instead of meat ; they are thankful of the chance of getting nice meatless recipes that are nourishing as well, and which will build up fitness.

No More " Invalids "

I have been thinking how wonderful it is that nearly all the delicate people seem so much stronger since the War ! I often meet women who before the War were confirmed invalids, crawling about with " neurasthenia," indigestion, etc., and are now gaily clad in wonderful uniforms, or covered with badges, and wearing thick boots, and stumping about in a most military fashion !

It is quite amusing, too, how the old servants, who were supposed to have retired from work, have had to come forward as workers again ;

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for nearly all the young ones are gone to Munition Factories, or are lift girls, or portresses, etc. Both my present servants, two sisters, are over 70! Everything is completely changed by the War. It is just like living in a new world altogether.

"Making Good"

Another strange thing is to see the homeless, starving men whom we had helped in our work on the Embankment and clothed and fed, come to call on us, looking so smart and well "set-up" in khaki. One young fellow came the other day —a sergeant—who had been given clothes, and afterwards a situation found for him. He turned out rather a fraud, and yet not altogether, for he never went down again *so* low as I found him. He finally joined the Salvation Army. Now he has been a year in the real Army, and is a recruiting sergeant and makes speeches in Trafalgar Square! He came to tell me that he considered he owed everything to being saved on the Embankment through the "Eustace Miles Barrow." I have received letters from the Front, too, from some of our Embankment Men. Our second front door porter, who was with us three or four years, was one of those whose acquaintance we made, and he was one of the best employees we have ever had.

One of the Wounded Heroes

Sad to say he has come back from the Front terribly wounded. His jaw has been smashed,

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and half his tongue is blown away. He can only be fed through his nose. But he is so brave over it. He has been weeks with his jaw fixed absolutely tight with wires and bandages, etc., and he won't be able to move it for many more weeks. He has been sent to Croydon, where there is a hospital especially for jaw cases. He came to see us as soon as ever he could, and what a welcome he got! He can talk a little now, but one side of his jaw is quite set. There is a piece of bone missing from the other side; so they are going to graft a piece in. Some of his teeth are wandering about under his chin. They all have to be taken away. In spite of half his tongue being blown away, it is wonderful how plainly he can talk. He cannot open his mouth wide enough to eat solid food yet. His courage and cheerfulness are heroic. In a quiet talk I had with him he described to me the awful moment when he was wounded. The worst part was that everyone thought he was dead, and though he tried to wave his hand, no one saw his poor hand. At last, in the darkness, he dragged himself by inches towards his trench—his jaw was hanging down to his chest—like a door without hinges It is too horrible to describe all the sights he saw on this slow crawl back to the trench. At last he was discovered and taken up by stretcher-bearers, and his jaw bound up. His clothes were all blown away. He was rolled up in blankets and sent back to England, as his case was too bad for the base hospitals to tackle. I asked him what he thought of during the cruel, dragging crawl amidst the

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dead and dying. He said he could only think of the "*next inch*"—nothing else seemed to matter but crawling one more inch.

Lord Kitchener

It has been very thrilling Lord Kitchener going out to the East, and casting his wonderful eye over everywhere and everything; but it was a great blow when we saw it announced on the posters one evening, "*Lord Kitchener resigns.*" Everyone was perfectly staggered about it. It seemed as if our last prop was gone. And then it was explained that he had offered himself to the Country for a great Tour of Inspection in the Eastern War Centre. And such splendid work he did! All the Allies are working ever so much better together now.

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We are hoping to have rather an interesting new war-development at the E.M. Restaurant before long.

The work of the General Post Office has become so tremendous that they have to find new quarters for their officials, and they are actually going to have their offices at the *National Portrait Gallery* (close to us). The lovely pictures will still be hanging on the walls, but the galleries will be filled with desks, and tables and typewriters, and with clerks (men and women). There is no accommodation for meals, so they have asked us to provide tea for them on our Gallery Floor every afternoon. We hear that the Admiralty are also obliged to have extra premises for their

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clerks, and they may be going to the National Gallery. So we may get them too.

New Year's Day

January 1st, 1916

This is New Year's Day. It has seemed such a solemn day to me, and; as I tore off the last leaf from our calendar, and threw away the old almanacks, I felt as if it was almost a sacred act: a sort of solemn rite. The passing of the Old Year at midnight was so intensely solemn too—no clashing bells were to be heard; even Big Ben was silent. I believe that some of the City Churches rang muffled peals. We know that 1916 will be the greatest War Year of all, and we wonder what it will bring. The great question of compulsion is now facing the Government. Lord Derby's Group scheme has been splendid, but there are still thousands of young men who are keeping back.

Nevertheless, we see young "crusaders" come into the Restaurant with a set purpose in their face—such as I have seen on the faces of some men in church who were going up to the altar to receive the Holy Communion.

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The Old Year has ended and the New Year has begun with two big ships having been torpedoed. One was a P. and O. A great many passengers have been lost. This has cast an added gloom and sorrow over everything.

Somehow it seemed as if we *must* do something special on New Year's Eve, so I invited the Loyal

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Choir to come and sing for us at tea-time, accompanied by the orchestra. We began by singing, "Oh God our Help in Ages Past," and ended by singing "Auld Lang Syne." One new and very beautiful song we sang was "When the Bells of Peace are Chiming."

When I cannot sleep, I try to picture to myself the distant time when the Days of Peace will be with us again. In my imagination I see all the windows once more brightly lit, the streets a blaze of light, and I hear the bells daring to peal and clash in the old sonorous way, and Big Ben striking the hours again. And I seem to see all the windows open in the evening, as of yore, with the glimpses of happy home-life that one used to see through the open windows; instead of the windows with curtains tightly drawn across as they are now. And I try to recall what it will be to see *happy* faces once again: the faces one sees nowadays are so drawn and sad; if by chance one hears a hearty laugh one wonders what it means: it sounds so new and strange, like something one *used* to hear long long ago.

God grant that this year my dreams and visions may come true.

The National Portrait Gallery

The War Office Officials, who are working at the National Gallery, now come to us for teas, and for a good many other meals besides. In the afternoon the War Office Staff come to tea

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on the Gallery Floor. First the girls come trooping in at 4 o'clock; and then, when the girls have left, the men come in like a lot of schoolboys. They are such nice people, and find our place so "homey." It is most amusing to hear them talk of the Portraits that look down on them from the walls of the Portrait Gallery whilst they are at work. One girl always has Henry VIII in front of her, and she says she feels quite uncomfortable; for he stares at her so, and his eyes seem to follow her wherever she goes; so he doesn't seem to have *improved!* I am going to be given permission to see them all at work. Such is the dread of fire that the seats and tables for their work are all made of iron. They are covered with something to take off the chill, but the girls say the cold seems to strike through them just the same. Yet they are very cheerful over it. One hardly ever meets a grumbler nowadays; nothing seems to matter but the War and the sorrows. Who would have ever dreamt that the National Gallery and the Portrait Gallery would be turned into Offices?

Our Friend the Moon

We are going to dine with E. F. Benson tonight. It will be the first time that I have had courage to go out in the evening since the cruel raids. But as there is a moon I am venturing. I don't think we have any of us loved the moon as we do now. She seems like a protecting angel shining down upon us from the sky; when she disappears, the horrible dangers seem to be-

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gin again. There are most disquieting rumours about Zeppelin Raids being very likely to begin again before long. One can only hope that the weather will keep them back. They say the spring will be a very dangerous time for London. I believe the defences are splendid now, so perhaps they won't reach London; only of course they will reach some other places!

Gallipoli Horrors

Saturday, January 16th.

We had a delightful evening with E. F. Benson. As usual, he told us a lot of most deeply interesting things. He had just seen someone who had come back from Gallipoli, and so had heard all the horrors of the place. I think the most distressing part of the Campaign was the plague of flies; the food was smothered with them, and they *had* to eat them with their food, for the minute their food was uncovered a swarm settled on it. No wonder there was so much disease and blood-poisoning. Lord Kitchener says that he could never have believed in such horrors as he found the soldiers had to endure at Gallipoli. What a relief it is that our dear soldiers are no longer there. The evacuation all seems to have been so splendidly managed, and now Salonica is the great centre to which all our thoughts are turning.

The Sunday Air-Raid

February 21st, 1916.

Unfortunately the air-raids are beginning all

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over again, and the dreadful part is that they have begun coming over in bright moonlight and in broad daylight. So now there seems *no* protection and *no* respite. There was a seaplane raid yesterday at Walmer and Lowestoft. The wicked things came over just at church time, 11 a.m. The services were stopped by bombs falling close by, and shattering the windows. In one church the "Te Deum" was being sung when the awful crash and explosion came; we can imagine there was no more "Te Deum" sung that morning! Fortunately no one was hurt, but all the hats were full of glass splinters from the windows. One poor boy was killed outside the Church.

We ourselves had quite a scare a week ago. I was told (secretly) that a lot of Zeppelins were on their way to London, and that the sooner I got home the better. It was simply pitch dark: hardly any lights were on. When I reached our flat, I found our porter very solemn; he said that the Zeppelins had reached Southend, and unless they were stopped they would be in London very soon. So we gathered up the precious bags and started off for the basement. I tried to get our old servants to come, but they said it would be time enough when the guns began to thunder forth; so we left them to their fate. As usual, we found others fleeing downstairs.

The Basement Again

Oh! the grim horror of it all, and the chilly feeling on entering the basement, not knowing

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what was in store for us. I lit the little lamp and got out all our warm rugs and blankets, and we sat with them spread on our laps as if we were in a railway carriage. It was very funny how strangers came wandering along the passages that led to our basement. A young man in evening dress and wearing an eye-glass walked in. He was trying to find the basement of some friends who had invited him to dinner and were hiding in their own basement instead of receiving him in their flat! We invited him to remain with us, but he continued his search, and we never saw him again. We sat shivering and expectant; every door that shut with a bang we thought was a bomb. We were down there an hour, and then the news was brought us that the Zeppelins had been turned back, and we might go upstairs again. How gladly we all left our "dug-outs," and how beautiful our flat looked when we entered it again! The old servants were gloating with triumph that they had stayed upstairs by the warm fire, whilst we were shivering below. The wicked Zeppelins wended their way to the Midlands instead, and did frightful havoc there.

Sunday, February 27th, 1916.

We are simply buried in snow! It is the first real winter weather that we have had, and it has come as quite a shock to us, for we thought the Spring had nearly come. But one blessing of the snow and wintry gales is that it keeps the Zeppelins from coming over.

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The Flowers

To me, the flowers seem more beautiful than ever before, and their colours are more radiant than I have ever seen them : *what* a " cheer " it is to see the flower-laden barrows and baskets, passing down the grey streets ! It makes me feel as if God Himself was passing by. The sweet flowers seem the only things that are the same as in the days of long ago.

The Salvation Army

And now, for a change, I must speak of some interesting personal happenings that I have had lately. One quite delightful episode has been my opening a Sale of Work for the Salvation Army in aid of their wonderful help at the Front. I don't know why they thought of asking me to do it. At first I refused, for it involved my having to make a speech, and I do so dislike speaking in public. But they simply begged me to come, so I gave in. It was quite an hour's journey by train. A very nice " Brigadier " came and fetched me, a most refined man. I also took my young Secretary with me, and off we started for this (to me) great undertaking. I had never been at a Salvation Army Meeting before. It began with quite a little service, and I had to stand on a sort of dais. It was strange to see the galleries full of people, and a regular congregation below, and yet to see stalls arranged all round the building, and garments of all descriptions hanging on sort of clothes-lines everywhere ! I had a lot of Salvation Army

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" supporters " on the platform, sweet, gentle-faced women in their uniforms ; and earnest men, who made go-ahead speeches before I had to speak. Of course they began with prayer, and *tremendous* ejaculations went on from the audience, who were nearly all poor people and shop people. They then sang a hymn most beautifully. It was sung with a wonderful swing and rhythm, and in fine parts ; they (sort of) swayed to the tune of the music as they sang it. And then a Salvation girl came forward and sang a charming solo. After it was over the dreaded moment came when the Chairman announced that " the great event of the afternoon would now take place "—Mrs. Eustace Miles would speak—and open the Sale of Work. People shouted " Praise the Lord," and clapped in a sort of rhythm, and poor me, feeling the most awful worm that ever crawled the earth, arose to say my little say. I gathered courage as I went on ; I was especially cheered on and encouraged by the " Glory's " and " Praise the Lord's," " Thank God's " that took the place of the ordinary clapping at public meetings ! I was able to tell a few nice little anecdotes too ; and really it was quite a success. A notice of it came out in the " Sentinel," and another report will appear in the " War Cry." Fancy *me* in the " War Cry " ! I then declared the Sale of Work open and was conducted round to every stall like the Princesses who open Bazaars ; each stall-holder stood at attention as I reached her stall, and with eager eyes they watched to see what I should buy.

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The Red Cross Hospital

The Loyal Choir has given a delightful Concert at the Red Cross Hospital in Finsbury Square. It was quite one of the best. There were some new items. One was by a wonderful Bell Soloist. He is the best in England. The softness of the bells was beautiful. He could make them sound as if they were far away. He played familiar tunes that the soldiers loved. There were also two or three beautiful children who recited and sang so sweetly. One of them was only five, such a tiny fairy sort of child. They will help us at all our concerts now.

I always have a collection, during the entertainment, for one of the War Funds. Last time it was for my little "Trench Fund."

The Trench Fund

I have such touching letters from the Tommies in the trenches asking for little comforts to be sent out to them. But it is too sad when the letters and little gifts come back with the words written on the envelopes or parcels, "Died of Wounds"; or "Killed." Most of them are strangers to me, but some have written me such pathetic letters. I have sent several luminous wrist-watches out to them.

The Disobedient Husbands

I can hardly believe all the solemn and dreadful happenings since I wrote those last words.

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There have been several air-raids in different parts of England, quite near London. We have twice been warned to leave our flat for the basement. Once was in the middle of the night when we were fast asleep. We heard the porter tapping at our bedroom door, and I knew at once what it meant. He said the police had been warned that several Zeppelins were on their way to London, and we had better put on our things and be ready to go downstairs directly the first big gun fired. We heard the distant guns already. So I woke poor Eustace, who at first absolutely refused to get up. He was very naughty indeed, and only kept on saying " Hang the Zepps ! " and worse than that. I then met Mrs. P. outside their door, and she said she was in despair, for her husband absolutely refused to get up. So she and I went together to reason with our naughty husbands, and they both rushed under the bedclothes directly they saw us coming. But, as the sound of guns grew nearer, they both got up, and Eustace donned his " Alarm Trousers " and joined me in the hall of the flat. My two old servants got up, and dressed in their leisurely way. They both solemnly did their hair ; put on their best dresses and Sunday bonnets, as if they were getting ready for Church. And then we four sat drearily waiting for the great Hyde Park gun (our nearest) to fire. Soon we joined the others in the basement, but the men stayed out on the pavement all the time, hoping to see the Zeppelins in the sky.

We have now entered the most solemn part of the War. We are all so deeply anxious.

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about Kut. It seems like Gordon and Khartoum over again. I heard privately last night that Kut has fallen. I hope it is not true.

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The dreadful news is in the paper to-day that Kut *has* surrendered. The worst enemies that the relief force had to fight have been the floods and the awful weather. Our only comfort is that they are not all killed, and that the Russians are not so *very* far off. It is good news to hear that the Russians really *have* arrived in France after all. It is no myth this time.

I met some splendid Russian soldiers in Gower Street the other day. They had on tall, light grey astracan hats. One sees heaps of French and Belgian soldiers everywhere. It does make one realise the one-ship of the "Allies."

The Anzacs

At our last Patriotic Tea we had nearly fifty wounded and convalescent soldiers; amongst them were twenty-six Australians (Anzacs). They were from the Australian Convalescent Depôt in London. They had somehow heard of our Patriotic Teas, and they asked their Major to call and ask us to invite them to our next. Of course we were only too glad to do so. They also requested us to sing "*Australia will be there.*" Two of the Anzacs have temporarily joined the Loyal Choir. Such dear men they are! One is a poet. He wrote some beautiful poems in the loneliness of the Gallipoli Peninsula, amid the gorgeous sunsets. He said that the scenery and

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the sunsets, and the moonlight effects were beyond description.

Our Patriotic Teas are becoming more and more popular. We are giving another big one on the 11th of May. The Anzacs are coming to that too.

A "Tommies" Party

A very interesting thing happened the other day. We were telephoned to, to ask if we could give tea to a large number of wounded soldiers who were going to the Gaiety Theatre. So of course we gladly said we could, and we reserved the whole Gallery Floor for them. At 5 p.m. they simply poured up the stairs, some on crutches, some carried, some hopping, others supporting the lame ones. It was simply lovely to be able to help them to their seats, and to take off their coats, and fetch footstools, etc., for their poor wounded feet. As there was no concert, only Tea, I was able to give myself up to them, and help wait on them. They came from a number of different hospitals.

I got the band to play things that the men knew, and they all shouted the choruses of well-known favourites. There was one very affecting episode. In the middle of the afternoon, whilst they were all at tea, I saw our Porter carrying a wounded soldier in his arms: his poor feet were in wrappings, and two other soldiers came limping up after him, looking very exhausted. It appeared that these three wounded men were *left behind*, by some mistake, at the Gaiety Theatre, when all the Cars and Ambulances

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fetched the others. To their horror they found themselves stranded, without a penny in their pockets for even a bus. So they determined to try to walk to Chandos Street, and the two who could walk, or limp, carried the helpless one between them. Fortunately a Red Cross Nurse saw them struggling along, and asked them why they were walking instead of driving? On hearing what had happened she hailed a taxi, and brought them to us. You can imagine the welcome they got. They were so dreadfully afraid that they would drop the helpless one, as they were so weak themselves. It seemed almost like a scene from the trenches.

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We are all expecting another attempt at an invasion by sea and air, at any moment, and when we go to bed it seems such a solemn act, almost like waiting for the last Day, and the "Last Trump." Somehow I feel that the "Last Trump" would not be a bit frightening compared to the horrors of the falling bombs and the roaring guns!

The Intercession Services

Every fortnight we still have the little "oasis" of the quiet Intercession Services in our Green Salon with Mr. Hickson's calm and wonderful presence, and his beautiful addresses and the hymns. I am sure that these Intercession Services have helped us more than anything else to "Be Strong and of Good Courage."

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The Naval Battle

June 18th, 1916.

There has been a great Naval Battle off Jutland. One can hardly believe or realise that such an historical battle was actually taking place in the North Sea, in our own day. The first news we received was worded in such a pessimistic sort of way, that we were filled with alarm and almost despair; the weather was so awful too, cold and dark and cheerless. It seemed as if *nothing* was too bad to be true. And then gradually the veil was lifted and we found that what we had feared was nearly a defeat, was, instead, a wonderful story of Victory, Endurance, and Heroism. But nothing could alter the sad fact of thousands of precious lives having been lost. It is said that there has never been such a Naval Battle in the whole history of Naval Warfare.

We heard through a private source that the scene was simply like Hell let loose. The searchlights (of various colours) were fastening their piercing rays on the great ships, the sky and the sea was a blaze of coloured lights, the ships were in flames, and the sea, *alas*! crimson with blood, and covered with oil from the submarines. The roar and noise was something beyond description. I wonder that anyone lives to tell the tale.

The Tragic Raft

One of our ships passed a raft with English sailors and an officer on it; they were all

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singing " Nearer my God to Thee." I am afraid they were never heard of again. Such wonderful stories of heroism have been told : it makes one proud to be alive in such heroic days, cruel as the price is. When the news reached us of the Great Battle, it was in the afternoon. I at once got our little orchestra to play " Eternal Father," and " Nearer my God to Thee," and " Rule Britannia."

Lord Kitchener

We have just received the bad news that Lord Kitchener is drowned.

It seemed at first as if there must be some great mistake ! As if he *must* have been saved. But no trace has been found of him. One cannot help wondering why he was allowed to start in the teeth of such a gale, and off such a dangerous coast too. It is all one great " Why ? " Why was it allowed to happen at all ?

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We are all expecting great events to be happening at the Front now that " Joffre " is in charge of the Armies in the West. Russia, too, seems to be doing such wonderful things.

The Great Advance

July 3rd.

We are thrilled by hearing that the " Great General Advance " has actually begun. So far everything seems to be going like clockwork, and the Allies are working well together. One hardly dares think of the lives that will be lost.

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But of course this supreme moment had to come, and, so far, there seem no futile mistakes being made. There is a great feeling of sadness in knowing that when this moment *has* come, for which Kitchener was working so hard, he is absent; at least his bodily presence is absent—one feels as if his great spirit *must* be with his Army.

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There is such a strange stillness over everything to-day—the stillness of "waiting." At several of our seaside places the sound of the great guns is plainly heard.

The Conductresses

And now I must again write about our own lives and doings. We went to a most interesting affair the other evening. It was at the General Omnibus Company's School for training Conductresses for their Omnibuses; for, now that most of the men have joined up, they find they *must* have women Conductresses. They have therefore started a School for training them. Eustace was asked to give them a little talk on "keeping fit." The lecture was held in what they call their "Cinema Hall." These girls are taught first of all, by a series of Cinema pictures, about the best way to be a Conductress.

First the pictures show the wrong way, and then they show the right way, of doing things. When we arrived, it was such a new and interesting sight to see about two hundred girls gathered together, all in spic and span uniform, and about

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another two hundred in ordinary dress—these latter were the pupils who were not quite ready to start. Those in uniform were to begin their work the very next day. It was just like soldiers going to the Front! The Director spoke so beautifully to them, and told them they would have "manifold temptations" and all sorts of trials to endure; but they must always remember that, although they were doing men's work, they must stand for all that womanhood means, and must be gentle and courteous to all. They then did some marching and drilling; and stirring songs and choruses were sung.

Eustace spoke delightfully and cheerily to them too, and they seemed so to appreciate his hints on health and fitness. It was really quite a solemn moment when all these uniformed girls marched out of the building, knowing that they would have to begin their War work early the next morning. Everybody says how splendidly they do their work.

One of the strange things of these War days is, how accustomed we have become to women doing men's work. When we see girls driving motor-cars, milk-carts, and ambulances, it seems quite natural; and so does the sight of the girl portresses and lift-girls and Cinema girls. I cannot see what work there will be left for the men to do when the War is over! But, alas! there will not be too many men left, I fear.

Amongst the new things we have become accustomed to is the "Summer-time." In most ways it is really delightful. I shall never forget the strange and solemn moment that it was,

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when I put all our clocks and watches on, one hour. It seemed as if I was interfering with Nature, and pushing on the Sun and Moon and Stars. We now cheerily are called at 6 a.m., only we pretend it is 7 a.m. I don't like going to bed in daylight, though. I feel naughty every night over it.

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September 3rd, 1916.

We are all relieved to hear that Rumania has joined the Allies. It has put new heart into the War. And now if only Greece would join us too !

Twenty Super-Zeppelins !

I feel hardly able to go on with my records to-day ; for last night there was quite an unexpected Zeppelin raid, and I got no sleep until past 6 a.m. London was attacked by (they say) twenty Super-Zeppelins. The weather has been so bad that we went to bed feeling quite safe and sure. There are two things we go by : one is if the trains can be heard ; and the other is if the searchlights are visible. There were no searchlights last night, which made me feel a bit anxious, and I listened in vain for a train whistle. But, as it had been pouring all day, I thought I might venture to go to sleep. Suddenly, about 11.30 p.m., when we were both fast asleep, our faithful porter knocked at our bedroom door and said the Zeppelins were on the outskirts of London, and we must come to the basement at once. So we solemnly dressed and

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descended. I need hardly say that Eustace and the other men went straight to the open front door and scanned the skies. There were strange electric flashes going on, and creeping lights trying to find the Zeppelins; the stillness of everything was quite horrible. We sat solemnly for an hour and a half, and nothing happened; so we decided we would all go upstairs again to bed, but I dared not go to sleep. At last we thought we heard the roar of the trains begin, so we felt quite safe for the rest of the night, as we hoped! But suddenly there was an awful Boom! Boom! *close* to us, and all our dreams of peace and rest were shattered. Out we sprang again, for the Zeppelin was right over us. We threw *any* garments on and rushed out, and saw the P.s fleeing downstairs; Mr. P. in pyjamas only; Mrs. P. and her daughter in their nighties and carrying long coats. Meanwhile the guns were firing fast and furious right over our flats. On our way down, from every flat we passed, there were people rushing out in nighties and strange headdresses and long coats. We went straight to the basement at once, and stayed in a long passage, the safest place in the flats. Suddenly the firing ceased, and there was a lot of clapping, hurrahs, and shouts; we knew something good must have happened: and it was a Zeppelin had been brought down! Bourne and Hollingsworth's girls had all gathered on the roof of their huge "living-in" house just opposite our flat, and actually saw it come down, and the clappings and hurrahs were from them. There was an awful flare that lit up all the sky

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—then it descended as a flaming mass. We know no particulars yet, as it is Sunday and there are no extra-special editions.

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The most horrible part was the noise of the Zeppelin overhead, too high up to be seen ; the awful throbbing drone was like hearing a train in the sky. Mercifully it did not drop any bombs, but, if it had! We are getting to know the signs and sounds now. If the guns suddenly cease firing we know that the Zeppelin is being attacked by our own aircraft, when they dare not fire the guns. Our airmen burn a blue light (or a rocket) to let our gunners know that they have gone up and are going to attack. And then this stillness falls, and we wait for the cheer from thousands of British throats. Two Zeppelins were brought down last time, one in flames, and the other because the engines were injured. It came down quietly in a field ! The German crew got out and walked about until they found someone to surrender to ; and then it was only to a local Special Constable. He had to " mind " the Crew *and* the Zeppelin until some soldiers came to his aid. It was a big job for him. So the Germans *have* " landed in England " at last !

Some horrible damage has been done in some of the London Suburbs.

Obscured Windows

We have had some more of our Staff join the Army. The " Scout " who took the place of

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our second porter who was so badly wounded in the jaw has been called up; but not for the Front, I am glad to say. He is gone to the Crystal Palace to learn how to make aeroplanes. We now have a splendid young Belgian as second porter: he is called "Jean." He was invalided from the Belgian Army on account of his health. So we hope that he will be with us until the War is over.

I have been very busy over making shades for darkening all the lamps and lights in the Restaurant, and in curtaining and "blinding" all the windows. The restrictions are so very severe, and the fines (or imprisonment) very severe and dreadful too. It is almost impossible to buy shades; they are so in demand, and very expensive; so I bought two or three as patterns, and got the proper light green (light-proof) material and copied the ones I bought. We have made all the shades ourselves for all over the Restaurant.

Every light has to be obscured, and blinds and curtains drawn by 6 p.m., and soon it will be earlier than that. At night we feel the want of air very much. Of course the blinds and curtains have to be over the open windows; and, in order to prevent the blinds and curtains blowing aside and showing the lights, we have to secure them to the woodwork of the windows with drawing pins. Oh! what will it be when these darkened streets and windows are over; how shall we stand the brightness of the light; and the joy of Peace!

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The Great Silvertown Explosion

November 11th, 1916.

There has been a ghastly explosion at the Silvertown Munition Factory. A "Loyal Choir" practising was going on, when suddenly there was a rending cracking sound, like a bomb or a gun; naturally we thought it was Zeppelins, and how we all flew downstairs, kitchen staff and all! But nothing more happened; only the whole place was filled with the most awful smell of gunpowder and gases. We soon heard what it really was; and terrible news it was, too.

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We are now bathed in Moonlight every night, and I go to bed without even thinking of my Zeppelin paraphernalia! But next week it will be getting darker and darker, and the horrors of the "terror by night" will begin again. To-night we are dining out. We only go out at night when there is a moon. The London World seems to retire altogether during the moonless nights. All parties, etc., are fixed for the moonlight nights. We have a tremendous lot of things going on in the evenings when the moon is on; and then, when the moon is over, everything stops dead. I only dare fix our Hospital concerts during the moon!

A Visit to a Military Hospital

We gave a concert at the Lewisham Military Hospital a few nights ago. It was a most interest-

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ing evening. We numbered twenty-five performers and had an audience of about 800 wounded soldiers; many were almost helpless.

They have a beautiful Theatre, with footlights, wings, etc. We sang things the soldiers loved; nearly everything had a chorus to it. One of the wounded Tommies sent me a message to say he was a good singer and had brought two songs with him; might he sing them? So of course we gave him leave, and, amidst thunders of applause, he mounted the platform in his blue hospital dress and sang "Because" very beautifully; and then he was so wildly encored that he sang another—a comic song, and even danced while he sang it! It was sad to hear afterwards that he nearly fainted outside from the excitement, and had to go back to bed when he got to the hospital. He was a Music Hall Artist before the War. The author of "Keep the Home Fires Burning"[1] was with us, and we sang her new Song and Chorus, "The Road Back Home"; the soldiers picked up the Chorus at once.

I am sorry to say that nearly all our men are "Conscripts" now, and have to go at a moment's notice. Oh! the tears that have been shed over their going. We have just got back our "boilerman." He was a sailor, and was interned in the dreadful Antwerp affair. He has been a prisoner of War for nearly two years at Ruhleben. He is completely broken in health through bad and insufficient food. But he is already better, and has slipped back into his old job so gladly.

[1] Alas! She was blown to pieces sitting by her fireside during an Air-raid soon after this.

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The Tragedy of Gallipoli

I have been hearing some interesting stories from a nurse who was at Gallipoli. She helped to receive and tend the first wounded after their tragic landing at Suvla Bay. There were nurses and doctors; but, sad to say, none of the hospital equipments or comforts had arrived; there were no tents; there was nothing but the sky for a covering and canvas laid on the ground for their beds! The poor wounded were brought from the ships and were, as she said, just *laid at their feet.* They could but weep for the helplessness of it all. Fortunately the doctors had with them some instruments for operating, and the nurses had just a few bandages, etc. They tore up everything they could spare, and they were for hours on their knees, tending the wounded. This lasted for nearly a month, until the Hospital Ship arrived. Some tragic circumstances had detained it. This nurse showed me some wonderful photographs taken at Gallipoli, of the wounded *actually lying on the ground.* She said that the unselfish courage and patience of the poor shattered men was simply heroic. She was also on the hospital ship that went round annexing islands; which was a rather more cheerful business!

The Concert to Wounded Officers

We gave a Concert in the wounded Officers' Ward at Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, Millbank, the other evening. Some were

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wounded at Gallipoli. It was quite a new idea, giving it to Officers instead of to the "Tommies"! It was so interesting, but ineffably sad too. Such splendid men were there—some maimed for life. They were all so brave, and as cheery as possible, just as if they were sitting in their Clubs in Piccadilly or Pall Mall!

I think I enjoy the "Tommy" concerts the best, on the whole. There is more "go" and "abandon" about them! We sang "Annie Laurie" and "Good King Wenceslas," besides lots of choruses, in which the officers joined uproariously, just like the "Tommies"!

As we were leaving the hospital, a lot of ambulances arrived in the yard outside, bringing some fresh wounded from France. It was pitch dark, and the only light in the yard was from the electric lights inside the ambulances with their burden of pains and wounds. We saw the silent forms lying inside on their stretcher beds, waiting to be taken out, with the Red Cross Nurses bending over them, tending them so gently. One wounded officer had been brought in, and was lying on the ground on his stretcher just outside the ward where we had given our concert; he was waiting to come in, and must have heard our last Chorus. I *nearly* fell over him as I left the ward; he was so near the door, and the passage was very dark. You can imagine what we all felt as we drove away, leaving that long tragic line of ambulances outside.

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The Soldier with no Arms

It is impossible to tell all the touching and heroic stories of courage and patience that we come across in our work. At one of our last Patriotic Teas a young soldier beckoned me with his head and eyes to come to him; I went to speak to him, and he whispered to me, "Would one of your young ladies feed me, please? *I have no arms!*" I went up to one of our waitresses and asked her if she would, but we both cried so that we had to hide ourselves for a few minutes. Then one of the waitresses came to me and asked if she might feed him. The soldier who sat next to this armless hero was so tender too and held the cup of tea for him to drink from, and put bits of cake into his mouth. How one hopes that he may have new arms provided for him at Roehampton Hospital, where nothing seems impossible to be done in the way of new limbs.

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February, 1917.

There have been great happenings lately in the world of Politics and Food. It seems like a miracle that Lloyd George is now Prime Minister, and especially that he has such splendid men with him.

Meat Substitutes

This wave of "Meatlessness" is making us both so busy. My little Cookery Book is selling well. It is just going to have a third edition.

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People say it is quite the best book there is of the sort. It has got into some important households. I have been very busy revising it for its third edition.

To show how keen people are on the meatless food question, I wrote a letter to the papers offering to send a small leaflet with meatless recipes to anyone who sent me a stamped addressed envelope. In response to this I received over three thousand letters in reply! For several days the letters were brought to our flat in a *black sack!* I hear that my recipes have been most useful. Now that the Food Controller has limited people in their meals, especially in meat, the E.M. Restaurant is absolutely packed for lunches. We often have a thousand people for lunch only. We cannot seat them all, and sometimes a hundred or so have to go away because they cannot get served or seated. It is heart-breaking to see them going out!

I am very busy giving instructive literature to people and explaining to enquirers what are the best Meat-Substitutes, and arranging for cooks and mistresses to have lessons in our Cookery School.

The Food Control

The food question is becoming a very acute and solemn one. Lord Devonport and his Staff have an anxious work before them.

Eustace is being a good deal consulted on Food-Values and Meat-Substitutes, and spends much of his time at the Offices of the Food Control and the Ministry of Food. We are both

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being constantly interviewed by Press Representatives, and asked to write articles for the papers and to give recipes for meatless dishes, especially for Schools and Public Institutions.

I shall never forget the Saturday when the Food Controller's "Rations" were first published in the papers. Eustace was away for the day, and he was being rung up all day by different papers to give his opinion on the "Ration" scheme; and I, too, was rung up on the same subject. The telephone even rang us up at 10.30 p.m., when we were in bed!

Eustace has had a long interview with Lord Northcliffe to-day, and he has commissioned some articles on these subjects for the "Daily Mail."

It is such a joy to us to find that our knowledge about Foods is of use to our Country.

The Strange Voyage

March 5th, 1917.

Some friends of ours have just arrived in London from New Zealand. Theirs was almost, if not quite, the last passenger ship; and they were the last passengers allowed to come home. They met no submarines, but had a most weird and wandering voyage, for they had to call at different islands and countries to ask if they could be given a gun for their ship! I forget who at last gave them one. They went backwards and forwards and round and round, until they found a gun and two bluejackets to "man" it! It made their journey tremendously in-

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teresting, as they saw magnificent scenery and new countries without any extra charge! The bluejackets were told to fire "at sight," and one morning the gun *was* fired! Of course everyone thought it was a submarine, especially as something black appeared above the surface; but suddenly a huge black fish's tail appeared too. It was a whale or porpoise that was hit! After they got into the danger zone, hardly anyone took their clothes off. How uncomfortable they must have been—like the poor soldiers in the trenches.

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Fancy Russia having shaken herself free at last; it is like a miracle, and one feels that the *real* Russia will now live again. We cannot help being sorry for the Czar, and I suppose the Czarina? But she seems to have been surrounded by German influences, and completely under the influences of "Spiritualism" (in its worst form).

The French and British advance is going splendidly—so far. But, of course, one always feels Germany is so terribly clever that one dare not be too elated at what seems like their "retirement."

The Raids Begin Again

March 20th, 1917.

I am sorry to say that the Raids are beginning again. We are told that there will be a raid to-night, and so I have everything waiting in readiness—bags, keys of basement, hat, coat, "alarm trousers"—all are laid out! There

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was a raid in Kent two days ago, and the Zeppelins were making straight for London, but were turned back. A "Taube" flew over Westgate a few days ago, dropping bombs on the golf-course. It's horrible to think that it is all beginning over again. Poor Ramsgate has been bombed by submarines or destroyers—I forget which. We have come to a very intense and terrible epoch in the War. I suppose that the worst part of all is yet to come.

The news from Mesopotamia is splendid. One can hardly believe that Bagdad has been taken! Every now and then we hear a bit of news that lifts our hearts up from all the sadness.

Food-Rationing

April 6th, 1917.

We have been to Reading, by invitation from a big business house, for Eustace to give a lecture to the employees on "Meat-Substitute Meals." Miss Catherine Brown (the Principal of our School of Cookery) made soups and lovely little meatless dishes on the platform, and I was at a table selling books and foods.

Eustace and one of our Chefs has been asked to give a Cookery Demonstration before some great Army Chiefs and their Army Chefs at Aldershot. We also have been invited to go to Richmond to give a Demonstration at a big Hotel which is being turned into a huge Soldiers Club.

Eustace is working very hard with the Heads of the Food Control. They ask his advice and

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opinion constantly, and he spends a great deal of his time at the Ministry of Food. Of course this is without payment. He has put his knowledge of Foods and of Meat-Substitutes, etc., at the disposal of the Ministry of Food as his special War-work.

He knows more than the whole lot of them put together! Our Chefs, also, do experimenting for them, and work out and demonstrate recipes in our Restaurant Kitchen.

It is all deeply interesting, and of such vital importance!

If only everyone would *really* ration, the awful "U" Boats could not bring the famine that they are striving to bring to England. But people are so maddening; they *will* not deny themselves or believe that it is all too deadly true there is not enough food to "go round" unless we all deny ourselves. We ourselves are far below the rationing allowance, but it is gladly that we go below it. I eat nothing at afternoon tea now: I just have tea. It's very dull! I nearly always feel hungry nowadays; but I love to feel hungry; for I know it means that I am eating less to help my country.

Isn't it sad that when Arthur Balfour, a friend of ours, was Prime Minister, years ago, Eustace went to see him and suggested to him exactly how the Nation could get an ample food-supply in case of War? But he pleaded in vain.

All the bread and butter, etc., has now to be weighed so that each person does not exceed two ounces. People sit looking sadly at their empty plates, and longing for more. I am sorry to say

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that some people are so unloyal as to go to another Restaurant to have another tea, pretending it is their first and only tea ! The E.M. Restaurant is absolutely packed on the meatless days. People stand in queues waiting for seats.

St. Dunstan's

May 5th, 1917.

I have lately had the most deeply interesting visit to St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur Pearson's wonderful Hostel for our poor blinded soldiers. It is a beautiful mansion, standing in the middle of Regents Park : it has been lent by the owner, Mr. Otto Kahn, to Sir Arthur Pearson for this noble purpose. There has been built a colony of annexes in the grounds where the blinded men are taught all sorts of trades. It is a wonderful sight to see them doing such intricate work ! Some making cabinets, or fancy stools, and doing all sorts of carpentering ; some mending, soleing and heeling boots ; others making doormats ; and all working in such a marvellous way with their fingers ; doing what we, with our eyesight, could not do even if we tried ever so hard !

Some were learning to typewrite ; these were mostly taught by expert blind typists.

I met a very charming girl there, who supervises the typewriting department ; she is not blind, and has married one of her blind pupils !

The whole place was radiant with flowers, just as if they could all see them, and sweet nurses were flitting about, leading and guiding

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the blinded men with tender care. I thought of the text, " A little Child shall lead them." Many of the nurses were so young. Tiny boy scouts were helping too : they were all so cheery, and talked to the men as if they could see, not a bit as if they were blind. The men themselves were splendid ; when you heard singing or whistling, it was from the blind men ! They go about in parties of three or four, with hands resting on each other's shoulders. The one in front is the " Blind Guide." It is all so beautifully arranged. There are railings everywhere, with polished balustrades that guide them along the paths which lead to the different annexes where the work is being done. It is marvellous to see them walking about, just as if they could see.

Some of the men have their eyes apparently untouched, and this is because the blindness has come from some inner cause ; but their eyes look as if they saw. Others are terribly disfigured.

They have a fine Concert Room, and Dances and Concerts very often. There is a great lounge where they can sit and talk to each other and wait for friends to come and see them. I think that was the saddest place I was in. They just sit and wait for someone to speak to them or to touch them. But, on the whole, the impression I formed whilst I was there was that it was one of the most radiant and glorious atmospheres that I have ever been in. Everything was done to make existence possible to those who have lost so much. They are sent there to begin life all over again, as it were ; to become " like

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little children," and learn to walk, to read, and to be Patient and Brave. And, most of all, to be absolutely Independent.

When I left St. Dunstan's and went through Regents Park in all its spring glory, I felt as if I had never before seen the trees and grass and flowers look so beautiful as they did on that wonderful afternoon ; I seemed to see it all with new eyes and to realise all that those dear blinded men would never see again ; and I felt so thankful that they had their *Memories* to fall back on. But I wept all the way home.

A Talk with Sir Arthur Pearson

I had a wonderful talk with Sir Arthur Pearson, who is nearly blind himself. He said such unforgettable things. He told me that he would not go back to " seeing " with his physical eyes for all the world now ; that his blindness has made him " see " things in life which he never " saw " before. It has made him able to " see " with his inward vision into the very depths of life. It has taught him that the most beautiful thing in all the world is Courage and Sacrifice. And, best of all, it has made him able to " see " —through his own blindness—the way to help our blinded soldiers to bear their broken lives : and the way to draw their minds away from their blindness by giving them Occupation.

He has given up most of his own beautiful house in Portland Place to the blinded officers, and from there they go to St. Dunstan's to learn *how* to be blind ; or rather how *not* to be blind.

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Our next Patriotic Tea is for St. Dunstan's ; and I hope that Sir Arthur Pearson may be able to be present himself.

Charing Cross Hospital

Eustace and I were invited to a reception and tea given to the Matron's Council at the Home for Nurses at Charing Cross Hospital. There were about fifty Matrons there. Eustace gave an address to them all, after tea, on health-helps and meat-substitutes. Miss Heather-Bigg, the Matron of Charing Cross, was the Hostess, and took the chair. She is a splendid woman, and has just been decorated by the King. Of course they are very near neighbours of ours, and wounded soldiers from Charing Cross Hospital come to all our Patriotic Teas and Concerts. She says she cannot express what a joy and delight these cheery Teas are to the wounded soldiers at Charing Cross Hospital. Later on they asked Eustace to write down, and have printed, his helps, so that these could reach all Hospital Matrons. They have no Recreation room and the wards are too full of very bad cases for us to be able to have any concerts there ; so, as it is only three minutes' walk from us, it is easy for them to walk, or come on crutches, or in bath-chairs, or in wheeled ward chairs, to the E.M. Restaurant. They go back to the Hospital in such rollicking spirits that they cheer all the other patients who were too ill to come out !

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The Taube Raid over a Station

June 4th, 1917.

We have had another week-end at Rye. If it were not for the raids taking place in Kent we should make Rye our week-end place, but, as we were in constant expectation of raids, it made sleep almost impossible.

On our journey to Rye we had a horrid experience. We had to change at Ashford, and, whilst we and crowds of holiday folks were standing on the platform waiting for our train, an air-raid actually took place ! I had just been looking up into the wonderful blueness of the sky and feeling as if I had really left the realities of War quite a long way behind me, when there was a sudden hissing sound in the air ; and then an awful crashing thud, quite close to the station, just on the other side of the line. I said to my porter, " *Was that a Bomb ?* " He replied, " *Not likely !* " But the next second there was another far worse thud and crash, and then another ; and we all knew and realised that the station itself was being attacked from the sky. Somebody shouted, " Get to the Subway." Most of us rushed helter-skelter down the steps, wondering what was going to happen next. Eustace wasn't with me, for he had gone to the Refreshment Room to have a cup of tea, and I was guarding our hand luggage. I generally can hardly lift my dressing-case, it is so heavy ; but, in the excitement of the moment, I snatched it up as if it was a piece of paper for lightness, and flew down the Subway with it in my hand. Of

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course everything else was left recklessly! The whole thing only took about five minutes. The porters then shouted that the Taubes were disappearing, and we all climbed the steps and went on to the platform again. I found Eustace quietly standing by the luggage, as if nothing had happened! Everybody stood looking up at the sky, trying to see the awful aeroplanes; some saw a few black specks. Whilst we were waiting, a train came in with a load of cheering and shouting Tommies, all hanging out of the windows, shaking their fists up at the sky. The enemy aircraft had been following the train, hoping to destroy it, but the engine driver stopped the train, and then the Taubes came over the Ashford Station and had a go at that instead. It was the day of the great air-raid on poor Folkestone and these Taubes were either going to or coming back from there. Even the men on the platform looked quite white and shakey when it was all over. Of course it was a bad beginning for our little holiday, for it gave us such a horribly insecure feeling. The raid over Folkestone must have been too terrible. One feels even more nervous and apprehensive over these Taube raids than even over the Zeppelins, for they come in brilliant moonlight, or with the blue sky and sunshine overhead, and they fly so high that it seems as if nothing can reach them. One of them reached an outskirt of London lately, on a brilliant moonlight night, and the noise of the bombs woke me.

We used to feel the moonlight nights such a respite!

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Queen Mary Opens the Public Kitchen

Eustace has been in more request than ever lately at the Ministry of Food. He has been appointed as one of the Executive Committee of the new "Kitchen-for-All" (Public Kitchen) which was opened the other day by Queen Mary. We were both invited to the Opening Ceremomy. It was most interesting to be *right in* the whole thing, and to see everything being prepared for the Queen's arrival and to know that for a time we both should be a part of the whole proceedings and be able to see the Queen and Princess Mary quite close and watch the whole thing. We were all told exactly where to stand; we had to make ourselves as small as possible, since there was so little space!

The Kitchen is in quite a poor part, out of the Vauxhall Bridge Road, so the crowd was mostly the very poor. It was very thrilling when we heard the distant cheering begin, swelling louder and louder, and coming nearer and nearer, until the Royal carriages drew up at our Kitchen door. The Food Controller, Lord Devonport, and the chief kitchen ladies received the Queen. All the lady cooks wore chef caps and large white aprons, and looked so charming. First of all the Queen was shown all over the Kitchen, and introduced to the chief people, including Eustace. When she heard Eustace's name she exclaimed, "Oh! you and I have had dealings with each other before now!" (Eustace had written to both King George and Queen Mary about their sons' Games and Health.) And then

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to my surprise I was fetched and also introduced to the Queen. She smiled so kindly and said, "Your's and your husband's names are well known to me." The Queen and Princess Mary then watched the strange crowd pour into the Kitchen to have their basins, jugs, plates, etc., filled with the splendid food. She talked so sympathetically to them.

One little girl handed her plate to the Queen for some rice pudding, and said, "*Is you the Queen of England?*" The Queen spoke to several young widows who were wearing their husbands' medals. The Princess Mary helped "serve" too. She is such a lovely girl.

It was very strange and interesting that the Equerry, Sir Edward Wallington, turned out to be an old friend of Eustace's, when he was in Australia, and they met again in this War Kitchen! Eustace introduced him to me; we had an interesting talk, and he asked me to send him my Cookery Book, "Health without Meat," for Buckingham Palace, which was a great honour.

I am also proud that the descriptive book, which became the standard work for all the splendid National Kitchens of the future, was written and given to the Nation by Eustace and the two other members of the Executive Committee.

The Great Daylight Raid on the City

June 24th, 1917.

We have just had the most terrible Aeroplane Raid over London (the City) in broad daylight.

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They came over in such perfect formation that everyone thought they were ours. The Zeppelin Raids at night were bad enough, but these daylight raids are even worse, when the streets and houses and shops are full of busy people; the deaths and mutilations have been too dreadful.

The first bombs began to crash to earth, and the guns to thunder forth, about 11 a.m. Of course we all had to hurry down to the basement. Some of our clerks joined us there, white and shaken, many of them crying. And all the time the sun was shining and the sky an azure blue! As soon as I could, I hurried off to the Restaurant to hear how they had all fared, and found that some of our customers had come in to lunch, straight from the City, where they had the most wonderful escapes and had seen the most awful sights. A train in Liverpool Street Station was blown to pieces, and heaps of people have been killed.

Sir Evelyn Wood and his eldest son had a narrow escape: they were in that very train, and had only just left it when the bomb fell on it. The number of children killed was too dreadful.

To-day has been full of suspense, for, three times, the enemy aeroplanes came over and tried to reach London again, but were kept back. We had to keep on being warned to take shelter. I was shopping at the Civil Service Stores in Bedford Street this morning; and when I came outside, I saw a crowd of people all looking up at the sky. It was because an enemy aeroplane had just disappeared behind

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a cloud. Of course we all expected bombs to drop at once, and most of us went back into the building for shelter, and then I suddenly felt that I *must* get back to the Restaurant and to Eustace; so I left my shelter and ran the whole way back, with anxious eyes cast up to the sky. When I reached the Restaurant, I was hardly able to breathe, but how thankful I was to be amongst them all again! A crowd of people were taking shelter there too.

Our Belgian Guests

July, 1917.

By special request we have had a Patriotic Tea entirely for wounded and convalescent Belgian soldiers. Sixty-four Belgians came to it. It is so sad that, when the wounded Belgian soldiers are convalescent, there is nowhere for them to go; their homes are gone, their families have disappeared or are under German rule; the small piece of country that is left to them is wanted for the fighting Army; and so they are sent to England. There is a splendid Committee formed for providing them with places to go to for rest, or to recover from their wounds or illness. The people who are on this Committee are all tip-top Belgians, some of the Belgian "Aristocrats," who are also making their homes in England. And all these important people on the Committee came to the concert too. It was most interesting to hear nothing but French and Flemish being spoken, and to see such crowds of soldiers in Belgian uniforms. They

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were all such dear people too ; and as none of them had ever been to the E.M. Restaurant before, it was quite a revelation to them. The tea-tables looked so beautiful, with masses of flowers on them. I have received such a charming letter from the President of the Committee—Madame Carton de Wiart—thanking us for their happy afternoon ; she said that many of the soldiers had come to her and said it was the happiest time they had spent since they had left their beloved homes and country. We ended up by the Belgians singing their beautiful National Anthem, " La Brabançonne " ; the Loyal Choir and English audience all joining in the chorus ; and then they sang the " Marseillaise," and we all sang the chorus with them too (in French). It was very thrilling ; I loved the way the French words *rolled* out from the Belgian soldiers and the Belgian visitors ! It was a perfect roar of voices, even the people in the street stopped to listen. At the close, the Loyal Choir sang the Russian National Anthem and the beautiful American Battle Hymn, everyone joining in both, especially in the chorus of the Battle Hymn with its " Glory, Glory, Hallelujah ! " Of course we ended up by everyone singing " God Save the King."

Our Belgian Brothers

It was a wonderful afternoon ; we quite felt as if we were in Belgium cheering the soldiers on. We had heaps of cheers at the end, and then Eustace asked for three cheers for our " Brave Belgian Brothers." That *did* please them !

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There was a stirring speech and an appeal for their Fund, in slow, stately English, from a Belgian gentleman. Some very pathetic cases were there. One was a splendidly handsome soldier, *with no legs*. His breast was covered with glorious medals, and every possible honour. He cannot wear his new legs yet, so he has to be carried everywhere. He was so cheerful, and said he grudged nothing to his country. He talked quite cheerily to us, standing on his two "stumps," on a seat, whilst he was waiting for a fellow-soldier to carry him down. He said to me, "Oh, Madame, what a glorious afternoon you have given us!" They were much more enthusiastic than our own soldiers; somehow one seemed to catch their "fire," and their tremendous patriotism for their Country. I felt so worked up myself, as I was in the early days of the war: so thrilled with the love of one's Country. Everything seems to have sunk to such a dead level now. We have become so terribly used to it all—even to the maimed and wounded.

August 3rd, 1917.

We have again been having some most alarming daylight raids. The bombs have been falling all round us. It is so terrifying for our Staff, with only a glass roof overhead. I have arranged for us all to take refuge in the Crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, just across the road, when there is another daylight raid. It is absolutely safe; and, as a warning is now given, I hope we shall all be safe. It was *so* weird going down into the Crypt to see what it was

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like, and where we were to go. I felt quite frightened, although there was no raid on. It is a wonderful place—so very solemn.

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The War seems to become more terrible every day; and the fact of Russia having collapsed makes the whole weight fall on those who need all the help that can be given them; some say that it will prolong the War another three years; how could we bear it? America will not be able to help very much yet awhile.

A Changed World

I very seldom go out to any festivity nowadays, but to-day for a wonder I went to tea at the Criterion with some friends, as in the days of old. How changed everything was since I was last there! All the young men were in khaki: the Orchestra played as usual, but it seemed so sad. After tea we went and sat in the Park; and this was the saddest part of all. It would naturally have been the height of the Season, but nearly every chair was empty; most of the men were in bath-chairs or on crutches and the carriages and motor-cars were full of wounded soldiers.

It was like a new and tragic world, and I wished I had not gone there. I only seemed to see the ghosts of the past gay days, when I used to join the gay season crowds. We all tried to *pretend* we were the same people; but in our hearts we knew we were not. I could not bear it any longer, and so I left them.

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August 16th. SOUTHEND

There was another raid on Sunday last, at Southend. They tried to get to London, but were kept back by our brave airmen, and so they dropped their bombs on poor Southend instead, just as the crowds were all enjoying themselves, or going to church, or going to the station to get back to Town. Two of our young girl clerks were there and in great peril.

These are horrible times to live in. The finer it is, the more summery and sunshiny, the more one expects these cruel raids. We walk in the street, casting anxious eyes up to the sky; and, if a group of people are seen looking up to the sky, one's heart stands still with dread.

A MOONLIGHT RAID

September 16th, 1917.

So much seems to have happened since I last wrote in my records. We have just had a very awful "Moonlight Raid" over London, and have been very near the centre of danger. In the Zeppelin days we looked upon the moon as our great friend and protector. *Now* we simply dread the moon. Everything is reversed; we dread a fine, sunshiny day because again this brings the raids somewhere. We simply rejoice when there is a windy, rainy day! And we now welcome the moonless nights and the pitch darkness.

The night of this great raid there was a glorious harvest moon. We all went to bed quite peace-

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fully, little dreaming what we should have to endure. About 11.30 p.m., I was awakened by our porter knocking at our bedroom door, saying that aeroplanes were on their way to London : in fact, the guns had already begun. So we bundled on some clothes, and the "alarm trousers" were dragged on by poor, sleepy Eustace, and I gathered up my "raid bags" of jewellery and money, and got our keys, called the servants (who refused to join us), and down we went, meeting others on our way, in all sorts of costumes ; and the guns were roaring horribly. We did not go to the basement, but decided to seek shelter in our downstairs flat (which is used as offices), and to remain in the passage away from the glass windows ; and soon others came creeping in for shelter too. One poor lady was in such a state of collapse that she began to be sick, and she kept on praying for mercy—in between her attacks !

Overhead Battle-Planes

The most horrible part of all was the roaring of the German aeroplanes overhead ; the noise was simply terrific ; as if the sky was full of them (as it was !) ; and then the crash of the bombs falling quite near us, and the boom ! boom ! of our anti-aircraft guns. The attack was made under cover of a mist, and because our search-lights were of very little use in the brilliant moonlight. We all felt as if Death was very near us, as it really was ; for the great battle-planes were absolutely overhead, and at any

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moment a bomb might have come our way. The nearest fell a few minutes from our flats, close to Tottenham Court Road. At last we heard the whirring of the machines get farther away, and we hoped it was all over, but we remained on, for precaution's sake. And then, about 1 a.m., they made a second attack, worse than ever. And the horror began all over again. This great attack lasted over two hours.

Strange Sights in the Tubes

A friend who joined us had come back from his office by Tube ; he told us that the sights in the Tubes were the most extraordinary imaginable. People were there in all sorts of queer clothes. Some had rushed from their beds to the nearest Tube, carrying their wraps and even their boots in their hands ; and the poor sleepy little children were wrapped up in the blankets off their beds, and were sleeping peacefully through it all. Women were dressing on the platforms, and taking their hair out of curling pins ; some were pulling on their stockings. Babies were being given their bottles, and mothers were nursing them. The staircases and platforms of the Tube Station were like a huge bedroom and " night-nursery " on that awful night. These strange Tube scenes take place whenever there is a raid.

The Bomb Outside Charing Cross Hospital

The E.M. Restaurant in Chandos Street had a marvellous escape. A most awful bomb fell two minutes from the door, and some of the

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houses in Chandos Street had every window blown in, including the windows of Charing Cross Hospital; and all the windows in that street were without a pane of glass. I dare not write all I could tell of what that awful bomb did. There was a deep pit where it fell, outside the hospital; and ruin all round. And yet no one was killed inside the hospital. But what the poor patients suffered is beyond description. It was so extraordinary the next morning to see the wounded Tommies with bandaged heads, looking cheerfully out of windowless windows, or their faces framed by jagged pieces of glass. The streets all round were like a Fair, or a Coronation crowd, all come to see the damage that was done. I never could have believed the sights that greeted my eyes the next morning.

This attack was all over London, but the region round us suffered the most. A friend of ours was nearly killed; he was driving home from a dinner when a bomb fell just behind his car and nearly blew him out of it.

One of the brave motor-bus conductresses stuck to her bus after the passengers had taken shelter, *and her head was blown off.* The driver, too, who remained at his post, was also killed. We are hearing such wonderful stories of acts of heroism in these tragic days.

Everyone is so War-weary! That first wonderful spirit of Patriotism seems to have died down. In some ways it is nearly gone; this is largely owing to the terrible blunders and heart-breaking mistakes that have been made by "those in power."

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October 7th, 1917.

Our short respite is over. There has been raid after raid during the harvest moon—in its golden glory. Nothing can describe the horror of these night-raids. Sometimes we have just sat down to dinner when the message comes that a raid is expected. We have to leave our food untasted, fly to our rooms to put on some warmer garments, and begin our weird pilgrimage downstairs, with the guns beginning to thunder in the distance. It is often hours before we can return to our meal!

The Great Barrage

There is now a "barrage" of gun-fire to keep the raiders from breaking through to London. The noise and shock of this barrage is most alarming! One hardly knows which are our guns and which are the bombs. We really *are* "in the fighting line" now. The bombs have fallen very near our flat on each occasion. But we have been marvellously protected so far. One of the raids was so dreadful, and the explosions so terrific, that I lost consciousness for a few seconds. I heard someone say, "Hadn't she better have some brandy?" But we had none! I had given it to a man who was faint in the Restaurant during that daylight raid, and I had forgotten it was all gone. But I "pulled myself together," and soon felt better. We now take shelter in the lowest floor of all in the basement —a sort of catacomb; and, as the walls above and below are all concrete, we hope we are safe.

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But it is so weird and dreary and sinister down there.

The Silent Zeppelins

October 20th.

Our latest horror is the *silent* Zeppelins. They are the new and dreaded foe we shall now have to face. We have just had a silent Zeppelin raid. It was horrible having to wait downstairs hearing nothing, and expecting stray bombs to drop at any moment. At last the awful silence was broken by two terrible crashes, not far away; and this was from two aerial torpedoes that fell in Piccadilly outside Swan and Edgar's. The havoc is awful, I believe, and there has been a great loss of life; for, not hearing the guns, people had ventured out in the street again, thinking it was all over.

It is said that these aerial torpedoes were fired *outside* London, a long way off, and that they rushed through the air at terrific speed, until they were exhausted. So at any time this might happen, and they might drop anywhere. We did not get the "all clear" signal until 2.30 a.m.!

We had delightful people sheltering with us downstairs. One was the sub-editor of a daily paper, with his lovely young wife. When the raid began, her husband was still in his office in the City; and so, when she heard there was a raid on, she rushed across from their rooms in Gower Street to our shelter; when her husband came back, he joined her there. He had to walk all the way back from the City at 1 a.m. with the raid going on, as the Tubes

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were packed and there were no conveyances running. To-day we have had the splendid news that nearly all the Zeppelins were brought down, or trapped, on their return over France.

The Solemn Crypt

October 25th.

A few days ago we had a scare of a daylight raid. It was just at lunch-time when the report of a raid was secretly whispered to us and the E.M. Restaurant was packed. We had at once to let the heads of the different departments know, and began making stealthy preparations. I went off to the Crypt of St. Martin's by myself, for I did not want to join the general rush which I knew there would be after the alarm rocket had sounded. So I crept out, hoping that no one would see me go. I shall never forget that walk, short as it was—only two or three minutes. The sun was shining brilliantly, and the sky so blue; it seemed too dreadful to think what might be lurking in the blue heights above us.

I then descended into the dark and solemn Crypt, and it seemed very weird and lonely. Hardly anyone had heard of the reported raid, so only a few children were playing in the Crypt. I watched and waited to see people begin to arrive. At last, one by one, they came down the steps, and I knew that the alarm must have been given. Then I saw the St. Martin's school children begin to troop in, very slowly and quietly, as they had been drilled to do: two-

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and-two, arm-in-arm, they descended the stone staircase, and were placed right in the middle. They behaved splendidly, although some got rather unruly and even tried to play! Then other people began to come in hurriedly, and I knew that the alarm rocket must have sounded. I stood near the door where I knew our Staff would enter, and waited to welcome them, or to help them, if necessary. Soon I saw them trooping down the steps, some crying, some half-fainting (one had to be carried down), and I took them to seats and tried to cheer and encourage them. Soon the Crypt was crowded. I kept on catching glimpses of well-known faces, and of friends. It was a very wonderful time, and a solemn time too. I shall never forget waiting to welcome those I knew, and watching the strangers, some with scared faces, as if they were expecting unknown horrors, and all of us feeling as if we were in a strange country. Most of the time the organ was being played in the church; which added to the solemnity of it all.

The Mystic Door

I somehow felt as if I had died, and had passed into a sort of ante-chamber in the Next World, where I was waiting to welcome those I knew and loved as they too passed through the Mystic Door and waited in the "Ante-Chamber."

Fortunately the raiders did not reach London. And oh! the joy when someone stood on the Crypt steps and announced that it was "All Clear." It was a wonderful moment when we

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came up into the glorious sunshine again, and saw the streets safe and busy once more. But alas! all our splendid luncheon public were dispersed; some came back and finished their lunch, some came back and paid their bills; and some *didn't!*

Our Restaurant porter stuck to his post, and took charge of the cash-desk. Our Manager, too, was splendid, and helped to get the Staff out quietly, remaining behind himself. Many of them preferred to stay in the Restaurant; and some of the customers went on calmly with their meal!

The War-time Procession on Lord Mayor's Show Day

November 9th, 1917.

I have just seen the great War-time procession on Lord Mayor's Show Day. It was a very thrilling one. The part that I enjoyed the most was the women's share in it. There were the Girls-on-the-Land, in their working clothes and carrying their implements and marching so splendidly; there was a wagon-load of hay, with the girls on the top, and their long hay-rakes by their side—it seemed to bring the country right into the grey Strand. And then there was one of our captured German aeroplanes, with the great ✠ painted on it, and some German machine guns. Another most wonderful thing in the procession was a bit of Munition Factory, with the girls in their caps and overalls actually *making* ammunition as they drove along.

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How they were cheered! And there were the Red Cross wagons with the Red Cross Nurses in them: such a touching part of the procession. All the pain and suffering of this Great War seemed symbolised by those wagons and the stretchers carried by the stretcher-bearers.

But *the* chief event of it all was the Tank, which waddled and swayed along, all alone in its glory in the middle of the Strand. I was so glad to have seen it.

The Boer "Tommy"

November 12th, 1917.

We have had our first Patriotic Tea and Entertainment of the Winter Season. Nearly 70 wounded soldiers were our guests; some were badly wounded; one man was blinded and had a bandage right across his eyes, but he was very brave and bright and even joined in the choruses. Many had to be carried. In the middle of the Entertainment one of the soldiers sent word to me saying he had brought a song with him; might he sing it? He was quite elderly, and looked like a German. So, to a perfect tumult of clapping, he mounted the platform and sang "God Send You Back to Me." I never heard anything more touching than the way in which he sang it; of course he was in his blue hospital dress, which made it more appealing still. He was actually a Boer, from South Africa. Many people were crying: it was so exquisitely sung. Afterwards he was wildly encored. And then he sang "Hushee," just as beautifully. It was quite an unforeseen episode.

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Dr. Walford Davies' Male Voice Choir

December 4th.

I have been to a Concert given at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, by Doctor Walford Davies' Male Voice Choir, conducted by Dr. Walford Davies himself. It was strange to see nearly all elderly men in it: one knew the reason why; their singing was beautiful, not like several different voices, but like a "chord" all through; the harmonies were so perfect. The Director of my Choir (Mr. Harry Denham) is the Chairman of the Committee of Dr. Walford Davies' War-time Choir, and he is teaching us some of the lovely things they sing. But, of course, as we now have only women's voices, just trebles and altos, we are a "faint-yet-pursuing" Choir. We call ourselves the "*Fe*male-Voice Choir!"

Raids at 5 a.m.

December 8th.

The raids have begun again, and at such a dreadful time, quite early in the morning, about 5 a.m., when one is *so* unfit for shocks. Imagine what we all felt, and what we all *looked like* at 5 o'clock in the morning? On our way down to the basement we met other dishevelled people coming out of their doors: one in walking dress, with a white "boudoir" cap on. The guns were thundering as we reached the basement. But the worst part of all was hearing the roar of the engines of the Gothas overhead. It was like a lot of express trains, or luggage trains, in the

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sky. And then we heard the dread sound of bombs being dropped. This was in Southampton Row and Gray's Inn Road, not very far off.

Incendiary Bombs

The sound was not so violent as sometimes, for they were using incendiary bombs this time, not explosive ones. Twenty-five Gothas tried to reach London, hoping to burn us all up in our beds ; but only five or six got through the tremendous barrage. But that was bad enough ! It went on until 7 a.m., when at last we heard the welcome "All Clear" bugles sounding. Oh ! the relief of it. By the time we returned to our flat it was daylight. Of course it was no use going back to bed, though I need hardly say that Eustace *hurried* into his bed to see if he could steal a nap !

The latest game of the raiders is to come over in detachments, about every quarter of an hour. Sometimes there is a wait of half an hour ; and, just as we have gathered up all our belongings, the guns begin again. We spent six or seven hours down in our basement on one occasion.

December 29th, 1917.

I am writing these records at the close of this sad year of 1917. One cannot help praying that 1918 may be a happier year ! Oh ! that it may. We are all feeling that our powers of endurance must be tested still further before things can get better.

When one realises what our soldiers and air-

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men and sailors are going through, it seems only right that we should also take our share of danger, and be as calm and brave as they are.

The Shortage of Food

January 27th, 1918.

The food shortage is becoming very dreadful, especially for the working classes, with a lot of children to be fed; and for the munition and other War-workers. They get *so* hungry.

Eustace and I are consulted every day by the Government or Organisations, or heads of big businesses, about meat-substitutes. Our Meat-substitute Food counter is nearly as crowded as the butchers' shops!

It is strange to see the queues at the butchers' shops and at the shops for margarine and butter. We hope that, with rationing, things will be better and foods more evenly distributed.

We have had the first *official* Meatless Day, and from 12 noon the E.M. Restaurant was absolutely packed.

Eustace's and my lives are fuller than anyone can possibly imagine, especially now that the rationing has come, and people are being cut down to the smallest possible amount of meat. We are constantly consulted by the heads of big firms and of various schools about having more *appetising* meatless meals. People simply *will* not eat the usual sort of meatless meals that are provided for them. They are stodgy and flavourless. They get sick of sloppy rice and macaroni and pappy flavourless cereal dishes.

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Our Visit to Eton College

One of the most interesting things we have done lately in connection with this subject was to go to Eton College on a visit to the Head Master, Dr. Alington, and his wife. Dr. Alington had been at Marlborough with Eustace. We took one of our chefs with us, and he demonstrated a really nice meatless meal in the Science Lecture Hall, and Eustace gave a lecture on Meat-Substitutes and Food-Values. A number of the House Masters were there, and the "Dames" and their cooks. They were all deeply interested. The dishes that were cooked were served for Dr. and Mrs. Alington's dinner. Several of the Masters were old pupils of Eustace's at Cambridge, or old college chums.

Nothing can describe the beauty of the Head Master's house. It is in the Cloisters. It was very much like staying at the Bishop's Palace at Norwich. Everything was so calm. It seemed such a "rest by the way," after the rush and turmoil of our lives. Our bedroom was one of the most beautiful I have ever been in, and Eustace had the most perfect dressing-room. We had a huge roaring fire, and a perfectly equipped writing-table. Our bedroom looked over the playing-fields of Eton, and the view from the drawing-room was of Windsor Castle. Dr. Alington is absolutely different from Dr. Lyttelton. He has a very scholarly appearance, and is good looking, with a young face, and iron-grey hair. Strange to say, Dr. Lyttelton never eats meat, and Dr. Alington never eats

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vegetables! Mrs. Alington is *delightful*. Her manner is beautiful and gracious. They have five children. I never was in a more glorious nursery than theirs. It was like a beautiful doll's-house come to life.

All the "Dames" of the College Houses are ordering copies of "Health without Meat." The last edition (the fourth) has completely sold out, and we are again without a single copy.

The Great Food Crisis

Miss Catherine Brown is overwhelmed with pupils for our School of Cookery. We have a number of demonstrations and lectures before us, and large orders for meat-substitute foods. It is so wonderful to look around now and see the fulfilment of Eustace's dreams and teachings, and the fruits of all his past hard work in teaching thousands of people *how* to live without meat in the days of peace and plenty. He is doing a tremendous lot of gratuitous work for the Ministry of Food and its numerous Sub-Committees (for national purchase, demonstrations, education, etc.), and the National Food Fund. I think the chief thing that keeps us going is our happiness in being able to help in this great Food Crisis.

It was so strange registering at a butcher's for the small amount of meat we get for the servants. We now have to have meat and poultry cards and butter and margarine cards. The lady butcher who served me was so interested when

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she heard who I was that she at *once* sent an order for my book " Health *without* Meat ! "

The Bomb Through a Shelter

We have had some terrible raids lately. The worst of all was when a huge shelter had a bomb go right through it—not far from us. Some of the stories are too tragic to write down. The shelter was at some great printing works ; suddenly all the machinery collapsed ; tons of paper took fire, and the poor people were not only burned but *drowned*, through the water-main bursting ; and to add to the horrors, *the printers' ink poured over the people, turning them quite black !*

The sky was lit up from the flames, and looked like a glorious sunset ; it was after midnight. We stood on our front door steps and watched it. I shall never forget the horrors of that night.

" They Shall Not Pass ! "

April 7th.

We have been so thrilled about the blocking of Zeebrugge and Ostend. Such wonderful deeds of valour seem to lift us all up on to a Higher Plane, and make us feel as if *everything* has been worth while. The heroisms of this Great War have been so wonderful !

We have had a blessed respite from raids, even during the full moon period. Probably it is because of the intense fighting at the front. The anxiety of this time, when the Germans are

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advancing in their hordes and masses, is unspeakable. We hardly dare to read the headlines of the War News. Of course there are no posters now; and how one misses them! It is dreadful to think that some of those towns which we took back for France—at such an awful cost—have been retaken by the Germans; such as Albert and Bapaume. The Germans are getting dreadfully near to Amiens.

I think that the French battle-cry is so splendid —"*They shall not pass!*" Oh, that it may prove true! The bombardment of Paris with the long-range gun is very dreadful. We are all expecting that London will be bombarded with an even worse gun, or guns, before long. This cessation of raids, for a time, is so ominous. One feels that it is only because they have something worse in store for us.

Secret Rations!

Travelling is very difficult nowadays; and the rationing makes the feeding so difficult too. We were paying enormously at our hotel on our last little holiday; but we had hardly enough to eat.

I took cheese and butter and tea with me, and some special things for Eustace, or he would have starved. I kept all these things in a drawer in my bedroom, and called it "The Food-Control Drawer! There was little cheese to be got in the town, and visitors brought extra things with them to help out their food. It was too funny to see people (and such grand people too!)

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carrying little secret parcels of extra food when they went down to meals. But nobody grumbled. I think we all felt as if we were "helping" by being so hungry and unsatisfied. There were three meatless days whilst we were there, and they provided most miserable meatless dishes! They had only tasteless *boiled* fish, since there was no fat to fry in. Of course practically no sugar is ever provided now, and only *one* tiny ball of butter, or margarine, for each person.

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The suspense at this stage of this terrible War is beyond words! The Germans appear to be getting so very near their goal—the coast. It seems as if only days and hours are between us and our fate! The main American Army is still on the other side of the Atlantic, although it is rumoured that we should all be surprised if we knew how many have already reached France and are joining in this great and awful struggle.

The other day, when we were on the platform at Victoria, we saw some German prisoners being escorted, with fixed bayonets, from the train. I passed very close to them, and I felt quite frightened!

The Belgian Reception

There has been a Reception given at Princes' Galleries, Piccadilly, to some of the chief Belgian (Aristocrats) in London. They were asked to meet some of the well-known English people who are doing important work in connection

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with the War. Lady Emmott was the principal hostess. The chief English guest was the Princess Louise, and the chief Belgian guest was the Princess Clementina.

The Princess Louise's Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Chater, is Eustace's cousin. He has been her Aide-de-Camp for many years. And, now all the young men are gone, she has asked him to come back to her as her Aide-de-Camp; and he is between seventy and eighty! When the Princess heard that Eustace was present at this Reception, she told her Lady-in-Waiting that she wished to meet him. And so this interesting introduction took place. The Princess Louise was perfectly charming to him, and took him aside from the crowd, as she said he had so much she wanted to ask him about. They had quite a long talk; and all the others who were waiting to be introduced eyed him jealously. The Princess then asked for me, and told me that she had had a most interesting talk with my husband, and that he had promised to visit her Weir Hospital at Balham, and to give a demonstration to the nurses and cooks, in the making of pure Vegetable Juices for cleansing the blood. So to-morrow we are both going there, with one of our Chefs; and, of course, the Princess will be there too, and it will be our *own* "show" entirely!

Princess Louise's Hospital

We have had a most interesting afternoon with the Princess Louise at her splendid hospital at Balham. Except for her Aide-de-Camp, Colonel

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Chater, and her Lady-in-Waiting, we were the only visitors.

We were shown into the beautiful kitchen, where the cooks and several nurses were standing round the table ; our Chef was also there, with his glass jars of Vegetable Juices. All the pretty green materials were laid on the table in clumps, with the peelings of carrots, etc., so that Eustace could explain the different merits of each vegetable and of their peelings. The Princess was so interested ; and asked such clever, intelligent questions ; she generally repeated the answers very clearly, and with tremendous emphasis, to the kitchen staff.

We then put the vegetables on to cook, and gave each of the company a taste of what had already been made ; they thought it delicious.

The idea is to let the men in the hospital have a drink of these juices every evening to keep their blood pure, according to Eustace's formula, and to help their wounds to heal ; also to act as an aperient without those awful black draughts and pills ! They were all tremendously interested.

The soldiers get so little green-stuff and fruit in the hospitals that the Vegetables Juices would be a real God-send to them ; and, as they are only made from the outside leaves and peelings and tops, which are usually thrown away, they are most economical.

I sat next the Princess at the Kitchen Table. It sounds so funny !

Later on, the Princess Christian asked if she also might use the formula for *her* Hospital. Of course we were only too delighted.

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The Returned Prisoners

April 25th.

We had another Patriotic Tea and Entertainment yesterday. About seventy wounded soldiers were at it. A great many of them were the latest returned prisoners from Germany. They had been prisoners two or three years. This was the first outing which many of them had had since they were free. How happy they were! They told us they would have starved but for the parcels sent out to them. They said that some of the German doctors really were kind and nice to them; otherwise their treatment was unbearable. One man was put into a dreadful prison because he had refused to do some work he simply could not do; for his right hand was shattered, and he could not lift his arm.

"Toby"—the Cat

The soldiers were greatly amused at our beautiful great Restaurant cat, "Toby," who always comes to the Patriotic Teas, and bumps against the men, purring loudly, with uplifted tail. One of these prisoners saw Toby in my arms, and he said, "If that cat had been where I was a prisoner, his life would not be worth a minute's purchase; he would have been killed at once and given to us as rabbit!" He then told me that he himself had eaten a cat who had been most friendly with the prisoners. I asked him (with bated breath) what it tasted like? He said it was delicious: just like very delicate stewed rabbit. When poor Toby heard

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this, his ears went *quite* flat, and he jumped clean out of my arms ! How the men laughed !

At the close the " Loyal Choir " sang that splendid song and chorus, " Are we Downhearted ? " and all the men shouted " *No !* "

A Visit to Kensington Palace

May 26th, 1918.

I have had a most interesting visit to Kensington Palace. Princess Louise's Lady-in-Waiting (whom I had already met) has been laid up, and asked me to come and have tea with her at Kensington Palace. I cannot describe what I felt to be really *inside* that sweet old Palace at last ! I went to Princess Louise's private entrance, and was ushered through wonderful corridors and galleries, with beautiful old engravings on the walls and the originals of pictures that we have all known ever since we were children. There was the one of the " Princess of Wales " with her hair thrown back off her forehead, and a long curl resting on her neck on each side of her face, and a low-necked dress, and a huge crinoline ! It was so soft and beautiful ; so different to the crude coloured prints one has seen of this picture. There was also one of the Prince Consort—surrounded by his little family, with the (then) Prince of Wales sitting on his lap ; but the sinister names were under this picture of " *Saxe Coburg Gotha !* " *What* " Gotha " means to us *now !*

Some of the furniture and ornaments were so beautiful ; and some very " Early-Victorian."

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I then received a message to say that the Princess Louise was with her Lady-in-Waiting; would I mind remaining in another room for a few minutes? So I was shown into an ante-room, and thoroughly enjoyed myself looking round. Suddenly, to my surprise, the Princess herself walked in, and said she felt she would so like to see me to thank us for the gifts of food and soups that we had sent to her hospital, and that the men had so enjoyed.

I was then shown into Mrs. ——'s charming little suite of rooms overlooking Kensington Gardens.

In the middle of the beautiful gardens there are some pretty huts: these are for the poor shell-shocked officers. Nothing could be more beautiful and peaceful for their nerves. I think the shell-shock cases are the most pitiful of all.

Queen Victoria's Letter-Box

Whilst I was with Mrs. ——, I noticed a very old-fashioned box on her couch. It has an old mottled cover, like the books and boxes we used to have in the olden days. It was full of letters. When she saw me looking at it she said: "*That box was Queen Victoria's Letter-box when she first became Queen.*" And then I saw, printed in large gold letters on the lid of the box, "THE QUEEN." She always used it, and carried it about with her from room to room, full of precious letters! And now Princess Louise uses it for her own correspondence.

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THE GARDEN FÊTE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

August 14th, 1918.

I have been asked to help at a very interesting event in Trafalgar Square. A beautiful Garden Fête has been organised to raise money for the Red Cross Ambulances in France; for alas! in that dreadful "push," a large number fell into the Germans' hands.

One can hardly believe what an unusual scene it is in Trafalgar Square, or that it really *is* Trafalgar Square! The Fountains are playing once more, and the basins (which have been dry and empty ever since the War) are full again, with water-lilies floating in them. A splendid band plays too, cheering us all up. There are gay little gardens and rockeries. One of these is a perfect Japanese garden with dwarf trees in it; also a bridge (like the one on the willow-pattern china), and a little temple, or summer-house. There is also a rock-garden, with unspeakably beautiful lichens creeping over the stones, and sweet cool pools, with weeds and bulrushes and lilies, all growing in the water. There are stalls of radiant flowers, too, and bright vegetable stalls. The air is laden with the scent of flowers. I spent all Sunday afternoon there, and sold flags and flowers. I cannot find time to go very often, but it is so refreshing when I do go there. The centre-piece of interest is a shell-riddled ambulance straight from the Front; one of the beautiful *new* ambulances is driven round and round full of lovely flowers, instead of being full of the poor wounded. This wonder-

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ful Flower-Fête in grey Trafalgar Square, with the solemn lions and statues looking down on it all, has been quite an oasis in our tragic War-days life.

The Brave Wounded

September 15th, 1918.

I have had quite a long pause in my diary. We have been in such request for our hospital concerts that all my time has been taken up. And what tragedies we come across at them! In one of the Hospitals we visited there was a handsome young man, only about twenty I should think, with his whole arm in a splint, fixed in a great iron frame. His arm was fixed straight out (like a policeman stopping the traffic). The iron frame had two legs to it to rest on the bed, to take the weight off his arm. His whole shoulder had been blown away. The Matron told me that he was a very brave patient and such a merry fellow, too. He was asleep when we came in. He is a beautiful whistler, and entertains the ward by whistling.

Oh! the courage and patience of these wounded men! It makes one weep to see our London streets so full of one-legged and one-armed men. In fact, the whole outlook is new —the whole world seems new, since the War. When we speak of pre-war days, it seems like speaking of a hundred years ago. And yet one has become used to it; at any rate, everyone has learnt to be patient: one hardly ever hears a grumble. There is, besides, the great comradeship of sorrow existing between us all; it seems

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like invisible chains linking us all together so that we work, and if needs be, suffer, together.

The Strikes

The part that is so hard to bear, and where I am afraid grumbling *does* exist, is the Strikes such as we have been having lately. They "strike" at the heart of everything. I shall never forget the scenes during the 'Bus-strikes, and the Tube-strikes. If only the Strikers had to suffer, one would not mind so much; but, as usual, the innocent suffered for the guilty. One felt so sorry for the old and weak, who could not struggle into whatever vehicles or trains were still running, and who had to crawl home as best they could! I am thankful to say things are normal now as regards 'buses and tubes; but there has been another big railway strike; and also a miners' strike: and, worst of all, there is a strike of ship-builders on the Clyde.

We are now all being rationed in lighting and heating, and are already beginning to feel it. For instance, to-day there is a biting N.E. wind, and it is pouring with icy rain, and yet I dare not have my gas fire on. We have applied for extra allowance on account of my health. If we exceed our rations, we shall have all our gas and electric light cut off, until we have made up what we have exceeded!

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Nearing the End

October 6th, 1918.

The "Finish" really *does* seem drawing near; a light is appearing on the horizon at last. Such great things are happening; and the word "PEACE" appears in every paper. Of course, Bulgaria having surrendered is the beginning of the end.

. . . . . .

October 20th, 1918.

Although we hoped that Peace was very near, it seems as if we shall have to wait a bit longer yet. It is like a miracle that the Belgian Coast is now clear of the Germans; that Lille is free; that Ostend is free; and that perhaps, before many weeks are over, King Albert will have once more entered Brussels with his heroic Army. The German Retreat has been so masterly, so well organised, that one wonders what they are up to. One feels so fearful that they have some terrible plans in the background; for they do not appear to have any idea of being conquered yet.

. . . . . .

I shall never forget last Sunday; all the week such great things were happening; it seemed as if the Germans really were going to surrender, and on Sunday morning, when the early papers were being called in the street, I was awakened by the boys shouting, "The War Over! The War Over"! It was only the result of rumours, but it gave one a foretaste of what it will feel like

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when those wonderful words really *do* come true. It is a sort of comfort to have had even this glimpse of what Peace will mean to each one of us, individually. I did not feel a bit hilarious, not a bit like "Mafficking"! I just felt as if Heaven had suddenly drawn nearer to us, instead of the Powers of Darkness that have seemed to be let loose amongst us in these awful days.

Everything has slowed down again whilst we are awaiting the Kaiser's reply to President Wilson's demands.

Peace in Sight

October 28th.

We hear to-day that Austria has actually surrendered. Surely the Germans cannot hold out much longer; for now they are left nearly alone! It seems sad for the fighting to continue so bitterly and for further precious lives to be sacrified when Peace is almost in sight. We hear that the U-Boats are going home under the White Flag, and even *saluting* our merchant ships!

. . . . . .

October 30th.

The news has just come in that Turkey has surrendered, and Austria is scuttling out of Italy as fast as possible. And now the all-important moment has come for the Allies to demand the surrender of Germany.

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Buying Peace Day Flags

Yesterday I was buying flags for Peace Day; when it comes. And whilst I was choosing our Empire flags and the flags of the Allied Nations, and as they lay in a glorious riot of colour on the counter, I thought of those who have lost their dear ones, and who cannot fully share the joy of Peace with us; whose flags are half-mast high.

Armistice Day

November 11th, 1918.

This is the most wonderful day in all our lives; for *the Armistice has been Signed*, and the terrible War is virtually over. As I write these words, I can hardly believe that it is not a fairy-tale, or a dream.

A Foretaste of Peace

We waited all yesterday for the news, but it came not! The last few days we have been living in History. We have been reading of Kings and Kingdoms falling like nine-pins; only the Kaiser left—and his Kingdom dropping to pieces around him, with Anarchy simply running wild at his very doors. And then came the wonderful news that he had abdicated; and we knew that the end was in sight.

We had a little foretaste of what Peace would mean to us all when, a few evenings ago, the papers announced prematurely that the Armistice had been signed. As I went home by tube I saw

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such happy faces—as if an iron had passed over the lines and furrows of War and Sorrow! I saw women weeping, and men with white set faces trying not to break down. I heard one man say to another, a stranger, "Can you *believe* it is true?" The other man replied, "It seems like waking from an awful nightmare"; and then after all it was contradicted; so back we all went to War-time again. But to-day at 11 a.m. suddenly the maroons went off. At first I thought it was a daylight raid, for the guns began to fire too, just like a raid. Suddenly there came something so beautiful—*the Bugler passed down the streets sounding the ALL CLEAR SIGNAL.* When we looked out of the windows, people were rushing wildly to and fro, children were hurrahing, soldiers were hurrahing; then, as if by a fairy wand, flags appeared everywhere, the air resounded with Victory sounds, and we realised it meant Peace at last! I quite broke down—how could I help it, for sometimes joy is harder to bear than sorrow; we have grown so used to Sorrow that Joy is like putting on a new, strange garment; it seemed so unfamiliar to be joyful again.

The Street Sights

As I walked in the streets, the sights I saw and the sounds I heard were unbelievable; the "Bells of St. Martin's" and other bells were clanging and clashing; the 'buses and taxis had people riding anyhow and anywhere! Nearly everybody carried, or wore, flags, and waved

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them wildly as they walked along. Perfect strangers smiled to each other and said, " Isn't it glorious ? " and some even *kissed* each other in the street ! We had a big Union Jack flag waving from the flag-staff outside the E.M. Restaurant. They say it was the first flag out after the guns sounded the good news. How thankful I was I had bought the flags so early, for the price of flags to-day is simply awful, and hardly any were to be had. Of course amidst all these scenes of rejoicing I have noticed many sad and tearful faces too. For instance, whilst we were hanging out the flags from our windows, we saw a woman sobbing at her window opposite.

The scenes in Trafalgar Square were extraordinary ; and the Strand was simply a black mass of people, all with flags. The buses gave up their " routes " and became quite mad too. They took people for " joy-rides " through the City, and even the ambulances were filled with happy people. The only sad part was that the weather changed and it simply poured with rain. I could not get a taxi and dared not face the tube crowds, so I walked home through all the turmoil of joy ; and somehow I hardly noticed the rain ; for nothing mattered that day.

We know very few details yet, except the great facts that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince have abdicted and escaped to Holland, and that the Armistice has been signed, and the War has stopped. We can go to bed to-night in peace and safety, and " none will make us afraid."

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November 13th.

At the next Patriotic Tea (which we hope will be a Christmas one), we shall be bidding a farewell to the American wounded. This will make it specially interesting. We shall sing some American Patriotic Songs and Choruses, especially the "Battle Hymn" beginning "Mine Eyes have seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," with the chorus "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" I expect we shall also have some returned prisoners of War. How wonderful our first *Peace* Patriotic Tea will be, after all we have suffered together!

Big Ben Again!

November 14th.

It has become more and more difficult to realise that the War is virtually over. Everything seems like a sort of Symbol of Peace; we can hardly believe that it really *is* Peace. It is so strange and significant to hear the church clocks chime and strike again, and to hear the boom of Big Ben wafted to us after the long silence; we now notice sounds that we used to hardly *hear* before the Great War. When I see lights burning brightly from uncurtained windows, I feel as if we ought to ring up the police station, as we used to do in the Zeppelin days when spies and traitors let their lights glare out upon the darkness if a raid was expected.

There are still the notices, with fingers pointing to "Air-Raid Shelters," reminding us of the

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" Terror by Night," which is now gone for ever, we hope and believe.

I have cleared out all our basement air-raid " comforts "—the tea-service ; the kettle ; the oil-stove ; the rugs ; the bandages and plaster ; the gas-masks ; the little camp-stools ; everything could " a tale unfold " of nights of horror, and perhaps " sudden death " ! How mercifully we have been preserved through it all ! I do not regret all it has taught us of Courage and Endurance.

On the night of Armistice Day, when I had to walk home alone through the surging crowds, I didn't feel a bit nervous, except at one moment when suddenly there was a roar of guns and no one could tell where it came from. I thought it was the Germans taking advantage of our sense of security, to have a raid ! And then we heard the thunder of a gun being galloped through the streets, firing blank cartridge as it went, and it was a captured German gun manned by Tommies, on its way to Trafalgar Square, where they had fine doings, only far too rowdy ! But it was an alarming moment for me, all alone in the pitch darkness, since the lamps were still obscured ; they are now nearly all clear and bright again. This sense of safety is such a new feeling. It is now full moon, and, instead of dreading it as our greatest danger and looking up at it with indignant eyes, we say, " What a glorious moonlight night it is ! "

To-day I saw some " returned " soldiers marching through the streets, carrying flags and wearing their war helmets on their backs. Next

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week the poor prisoners will be returning. It will be a very tragic home-coming for some.

And now the General Election is going to add more excitement and more crowds. Fancy us women having won the vote through the War!

November 17th, 1918.

This is Peace Sunday, and the bells have been pealing so gloriously.

I have now come to the end of my *War* Records, but I shall still have many thrilling things and "Side-Shows" to write of, even though the War is over; there is much to happen yet.

The Wonderful Salvage Show

Sometimes I feel like Rip Van Winkle. I especially felt this at a very gay and interesting exhibition I visited in the Savoy Hotel. There was one special exhibit called the "Salvage Department." It was to show what is being done with all the quantities of rubbish of all sorts from the battlefields and shell holes and ruined villages of France and Belgium; and also from our own dustheaps and dustbins. For at last the Nation is saving, and waste is now considered a crime! This part of the exhibition was most deeply interesting, and so full of lessons too. The old pots and pans, old boots and ragged clothes and uniforms, and old bottles, etc., etc., were placed on shelves, to show what they *used* to be; and then, below, were shown the wonderful things that have

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been made out of them all. These included cotton; wool; lint; dyes; oil; chemicals; solder; glue; beautiful buttons; new boots; rugs, scarves, toys; and many things I cannot remember! I was surprised to see how few people seemed interested in this wonderful show. The shell-torn uniforms from the battlefields nearly made us weep, although beneath were exhibited their new and beautiful usefulness. In a way, it was a sort of allegory of the whole War; for really it seems as if a new World is being created out of all the ruin and desolation and mistakes and sorrows and sacrifices of this Great Tragedy.

The Heroic Aeroplane

Amongst the "shows" was a wonderful Aeroplane. This was a very heroic Aeroplane; it had stopped many a raid on London. I got inside its deep bucket seat, and an airman explained its intricacies. It was fitted with electric lights deep down inside, which, when switched on, lit up compass, clock, dials, and other mysteries, each of which explained to the pilot exactly his position, how high up or if he was "level"; and how much petrol he had left, etc., etc.

The V.C. Pigeons

There was another interesting show—the V.C. Pigeons, which have flown miles and miles with messages, and carried their messages even when wounded and exhausted, and saved many lives.

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Their heroic stories were printed on cards on their "cots." There was one pigeon which had its eye shot out and *yet* delivered its message!

We had tea in the beautiful lounge, with very gay people all around us. It was the first time I had been at a big society function since the War began, and at first I felt so "at sea," almost as if I had been insensible for a long time, and was only just "coming to," as they call it; nothing seemed real to me. There was dancing in the beautiful ballroom, but even that was all different; none of the old dances were being danced, only rag-time and American dances, where people walk slow, and then begin to run, and jerk arms and elbows all the time, and begin to turn round, and yet *never* turn round. I longed to see a real old-days waltz again!

The only place I really felt at home in was that wonderful Salvage Room. One seemed to see the beginning of a New World there!

A Wonderful Visit to the Slums

The other day I was asked to open an Exhibition in the Slums; it was called a "Health Exhibition," and the object was to teach these city-dwellers how to make their homes as healthy and bright as they can. The Exhibition was held in a hall where Queen Mary had lately been, to visit the very worst of the slums.

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Lovely Models made from Air-Raid Souvenirs

It was a most pathetic little show. Nearly all the things on the stalls were provided by the poorest class of people. Even the children had made models from anything they could get hold of: such as wonderful miniature toys, etc., out of relics of bombs and pieces of shrapnel that they had treasured from the Zeppelin and Gotha Raids. It was so strange to see these terrible remains turned into quite beautiful little articles!

But what I liked the best of all was that the children had been asked to design, out of odds and ends, such as used matches, match-boxes, broken china, and unwanted bits of *anything*, some miniature country scenes. One could hardly believe what their dear little fingers were able to construct out of all this rubbish. Some of the children who made the loveliest models had never even seen the country. There was one of a rustic bridge over a stream, and a field with a little hill. There were also lambs and cows feeding under the shade of green trees. It was simply perfect: and most of this was done by what they *imagined* the country to be like!

Everybody was most kind to me. I was "supported" by the Mayor of Poplar, who was a dissenting minister, and a very brilliant man.

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An After-the-War Dinner Party

Eustace and I were invited to a most interesting Dinner Party given by Sir William Seager at the Connaught Rooms. It was to inaugurate a new movement called "The League of Youth and Social Progress." Some celebrated people were there, and wonderful speeches were made, including one from Sir Oliver Lodge and also Lord Bryce (who is past eighty, and yet is *quite* young !). I should think there were about two hundred people there. Everything was done in luxurious pre-War style. We simply marvelled at it all after our rigid War-time existence. It seemed just like a new world. One thing the Great War has done for us all : it has made us begin life anew ; it has given us renewed powers of enjoyment ; new eyes and ears with which to see and hear and appreciate all that is "bright and beautiful."

Christmastide—after the War

December 26th, 1918.

Christmas Day has come and gone ; it was certainly the most wonderful Christmas that the present generation has ever known. We had all become so used to Christmas Day before the War ; and then after the Great War a new sort of sad and suffering Christmastide came to us year by year, when we had to *pretend* to be happy, with tears in our eyes and with aching hearts all the time. But on this wonderful Christmas Day there was no pretence about it,

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for everybody has been simply *rollicking!* And yet, at the back of all, there was still sadness at the thought of those who would never come back again for Christmas. But we no longer felt guilty at being "blithesome," as the Christmas cards call it!

President and Mrs. Wilson Arrive

Such wonderful things are happening! To-day President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson have arrived as guests of the King and Queen.

This is a most historic occasion. We heard the Royal salute of twenty-one guns. The air was humming with the sound of the aeroplanes that had escorted them all the way from France; and, borne upon the breeze, were the cheers of the crowds as they (the Wilsons) arrived at Charing Cross.

Sir Douglas Haig's Return

Another *most* thrilling event was Sir Douglas Haig's visit to the King. What rapturous crowds greeted him! I went into the crowd to try to see him; but was nearly crushed to a jelly, and then saw nothing! But I heard his carriage pass quite close to me, and shall never forget the deep-throated roar that burst from the masses of people as the "wheels of his chariot" passed by. Of course this was only a preliminary visit; there will be another much more wonderful visit, when he and his victorious Army pass through London after Peace is signed.

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Farewell to the American Wounded

We have given our Farewell Patriotic Tea to the American wounded soldiers and sailors before they return home. It was most interesting to have so many splendid Americans there. They had been in most of the worst battles of the latter part of the War. Many of them were very badly wounded; some had lost limbs; but they were a cheery lot.

Such big men they were; they seemed to take up a tremendous lot of room! Everything was so perfectly organised by the American Red Cross. There were very charming American Red Cross nurses, and Red Cross men attendants too, who looked after everything admirably; there was hardly anything left for us to do! They saw them to their seats at the tables; then saw that they all had their proper share of food; they sat with them; they handed them cigarettes; and then marshalled them all upstairs to the Green Salon, in perfect order. It was a regular old-fashioned Christmastide afternoon. We wanted them to have a taste of what an English Christmas entertainment is like. We had the place beautifully decorated with holly, national coloured flags, lanterns, crackers, and all sorts of Christmassy ornaments on the tables. It looked a sort of fairy-land. We sang the old-fashioned carols; some of them had never heard a Christmas carol before. We also had American songs and choruses. The American "Battle Hymn" was sung splendidly by an American officer; and what a roar there was

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for the chorus of " Glory, Glory, Hallelujah ! " At the close they gave their special American ending ; namely, three growls, like lion and tiger growls. It was too funny. They gave *three* growls for me, which I believe was a great honour ! They were all going back to America in two days, and told us that their Christmas afternoon at the Eustace Miles Restaurant would be their last and happiest memory of England. They were such a grateful lot of men.

Farewell to the Belgian Wounded

We also have had a Farewell Patriotic Tea for convalescent Belgians. They were very sad at leaving England, their land of refuge and said that it was like " leaving Happiness for Sorrow," since they were dreading seeing the ruin of their lovely towns and homes. Many of them do not even know what has become of their families. They said they should often think of their happy afternoons at the Eustace Miles Restaurant. There was one officer, who was one of the cheeriest and merriest, and who joined in all the choruses ; but he had to be carried upstairs like a baby, for he had no legs. As he was carried out, when it was all over, he was cheering and waving his hand to us all like a happy boy.

The Wonderful Victory Tablecloth

I have lately acquired a very beautiful and historic damask Tablecloth, which once belonged

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to Queen Victoria. It is said that it was used by her at one of the Peace banquets after the Crimean War, and was called the "Crimean Hero Tablecloth." It was woven to commemorate Peace after the Crimean War. It was sent to the great Red Cross sale at the beginning of this Great War, with many other treasures that had belonged to Queen Victoria. People sent priceless valuables and heirlooms to be sold at this wonderful Red Cross sale, for their country's sake. An old gentleman (a collector of antiques) bought the Cloth and then, not knowing what to do with it, brought it to me to ask my advice. When I saw it I really could hardly believe its beauty and interest. It is made of the most wonderful damask, almost like satin. Woven into it are perfect portraits of the great people who were present at the Crimean Peace Banquet. There are portraits of only three women: Queen Victoria, Empress Eugenie, and Miss Florence Nightingale, all in Court dress (even Florence Nightingale!). There are several Royalties: Prince Consort is side by side with Queen Victoria; and Napoleon III with Empress Eugenie; also King Victor Emmanuel II, Prince Napoleon, the Duke of Cambridge, etc., etc. Each portrait is a sort of cameo. The Cloth is nearly eighteen feet long and nine feet wide. There are many other exquisite things besides the portraits woven into it. For instance, in the centre there are all the names of the chief battles of the Crimean War, and symbolic trophies with each; also the Arms of all the countries who were fighting with

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us against Russia, with the mottoes belonging to each country.

I at once realised that the possibilities of the wonderful Tablecloth at this time were very great, and felt I must possess it, and, as it were, make new history for it. Therefore, as the price asked was less than I dared hope for, I promptly bought it. It was in very bad condition; perfect as regards being without a hole, but dirty, crumpled, and stained with coffee. However, I sent it to the cleaners, and it is now quite like new, and on a steel "roller" awaiting its first banquet![1] I am going to offer it to the Government to be used at the great Peace Banquet that will be held in Paris after Peace has been signed. It has been valued by two experts as worth £1,000.

The Last "All Clear" Signal

January 1st, 1919.

This has been a wonderful New Year's Eve! The New Year came in with a storm of whistles, sirens, dinner-gongs, and pealing church bells. The air was rent with sounds of rejoicing.

But the most wonderful of all was the "All Clear" signal which the Scouts' bugles sounded all over London at midnight, up and down the streets. Those bugle notes have meant

[1] My offer to lend this historic Tablecloth for the Peace Banquet which Lord Derby intended giving at the conclusion of the Peace Conference was accepted, and Mr. Ian Malcolm, Mr. Balfour's Private Secretary, promised to arrange with General Sykes to take it to Paris by aeroplane for the great event. Unfortunately, owing to the illness of Lord Derby, the banquet had to be cancelled.

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so much to us all in the tragic past; and now the "All Clear" signal has echoed through the streets for the last time.

As the buglers passed slowly down our street, I opened the window wide to let out the sad Old Year, and to let in the glorious New Year, with its splendid message of

"ALL CLEAR!"

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